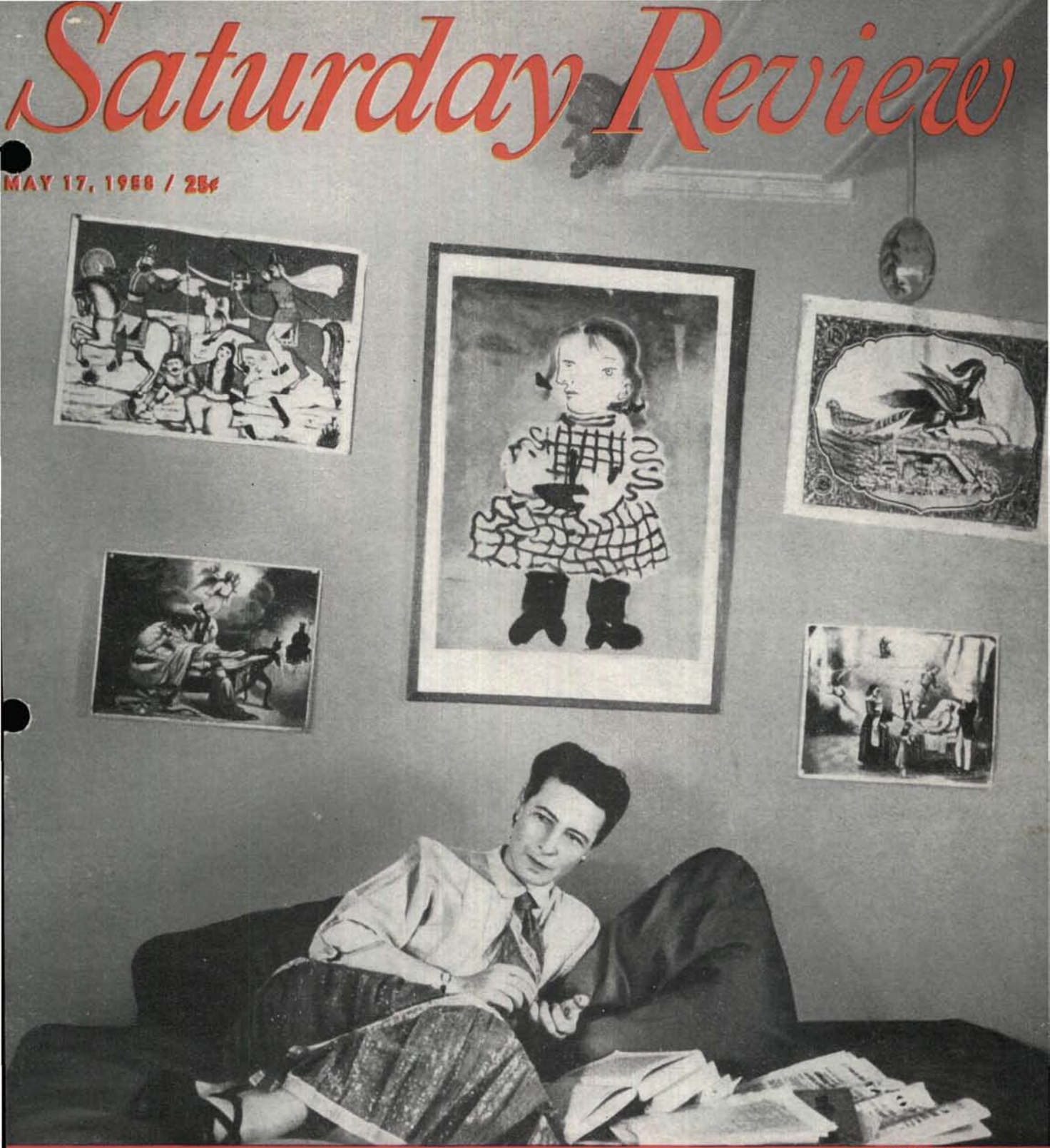
Saturday Review

MAY 17, 1958 / 25¢



—Gisele Freund

Simone de Beauvoir, author of "The Long March." (See page 17)

BUREAUCRATS ARE HUMAN

By Sidney Hook

HUMAN LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS

Thomas S. Hall reviews Harlow Shapley's "Of

PASADENA CALIF
363 GROVE ST
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBR
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE THE PICTURE

M-G-M RECORDS

presents

3 GREAT ALBUMS

from

"GIGI"

AN ARTHUR FREED PRODUCTION RELEASED BY M-G-M

LERNER & LOEWE'S FIRST BIG MUSICAL SCORE SINCE "MY FAIR LADY"

EXCLUSIVE!
ON M-G-M RECORDS

ORIGINAL CAST SOUND TRACK ALBUM
Original Cast Sound Track Album
Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner - Music by Frederick Loewe
M-G-M presents An Arthur Freed Production
GIGI

E3641 ST
(33⅓ rpm)
X3641 ST
(45 rpm)

OVERTURE
THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS
IT'S A BORE
THE PARISIANS
WALTZ AT MAXIM'S
(She Is Not Thinking Of Me)
THE NIGHT THEY
INVENTED CHAMPAGNE
I REMEMBER IT WELL
SAY A PRAYER FOR ME TONIGHT
I'M GLAD I'M NOT YOUNG
ANYMORE
GIGI (Gaston's Soliloquy)
FINALE

DICK HYMAN TRIO

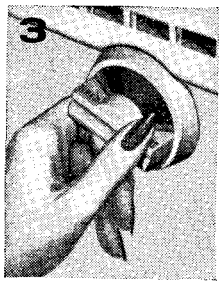
E3642
(33⅓ rpm)

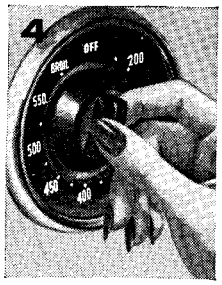
DAVID ROSE

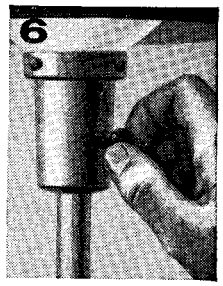
E3640
(33⅓ rpm)
Vol. 1 X1601
Vol. 2 X1602
(45 rpm)

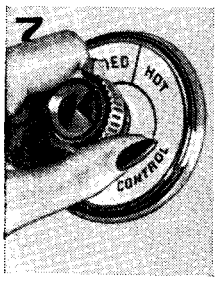
HEAR THE MUSIC...

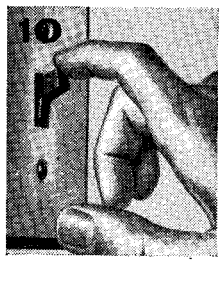
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

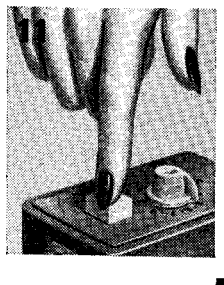


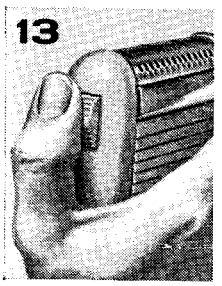


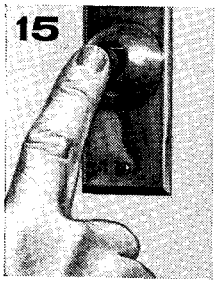


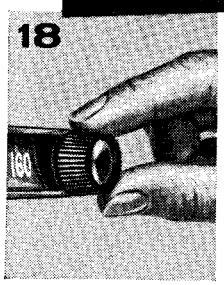


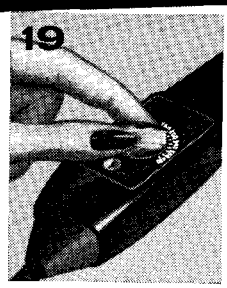


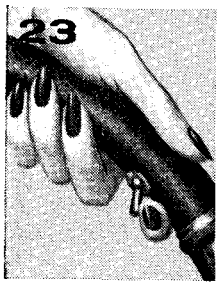


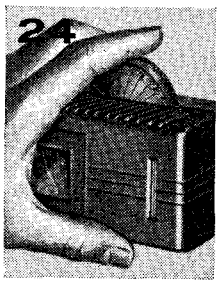


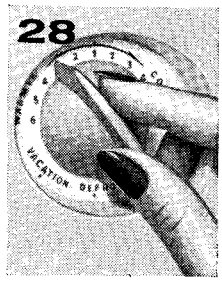












How many of these ways do you put electricity to work?

Can you tell what each of these hands is doing?

(Answers at bottom of page)

The hands in these pictures are putting electricity to work in 28 ways. Look at them carefully. How many of these jobs do *you* do electrically? And how many *others?*

Count them and see. You'll probably find you put your dependable electricity to work every day in many more ways than you realize. Can you think of anything else that gives you so much value for so little cost?

Answers:
1 iron, 2 washer, 3 dishwasher, 4 oven, 5 hand drill, 6 lamp, 7 dryer, 8 mixer, 9 blender, 10 wall switch, 11 bed covering, 12 sewing machine, 13 shaver, 14 air conditioner, 15 door bell, 16 television, 17 toaster, 18 radio, 19 fry pan, 20 hair dryer, 21 range, 22 coffee maker, 23 vacuum cleaner, 24 thermostat, 25 train transformer, 26 record player, 27 heating pad, 28 refrigerator

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPERATION UPTURN:

Excerpts from the report of Ralph J. Cordiner to General Electric share owners:

IN the light of economic circumstances today, what must be done to bring about the resurgence of business and employment that everyone wants? The situation seems ripe for a special effort: consumers have the money to spend, industry is tooled up to deliver as never before, and there are signs that the upturn is trying to get under way.

Opportunities to serve customers better

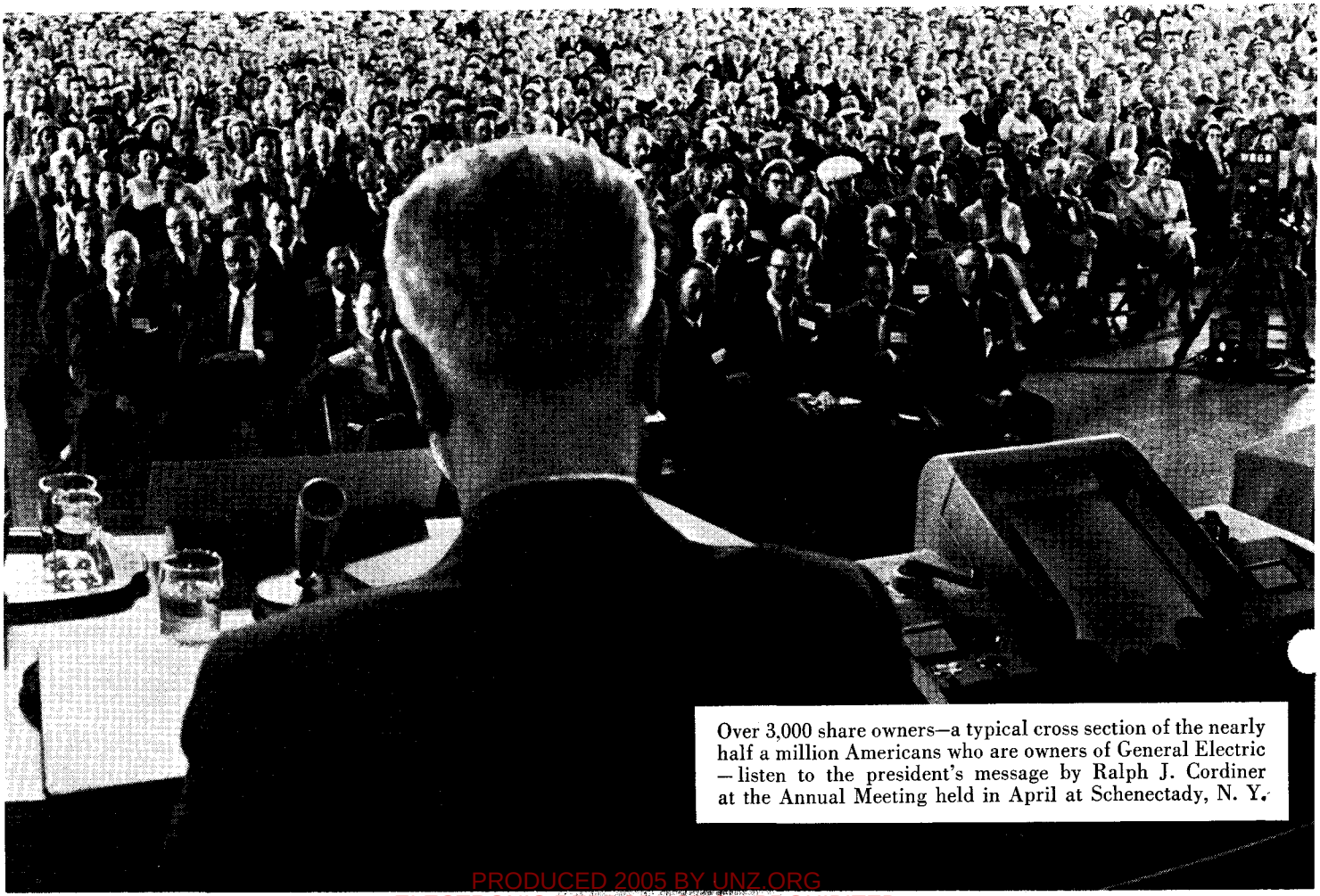
It seems to me that the most practical and effective course right now is for every business to buckle down and sell goods as never before. I mean a total effort, by every man and woman on the job, to concentrate on giving customers the best service and the best reasons to buy they ever had. King Customer needs some constructive attention. He is willing to do his part, if he is convinced that this is the time to buy. Let's convince him by showing him the best values and by giving him the best service he could ask for.

This may seem like an old-fashioned prescription to those who are shouting for massive government make-work programs and meaningless tax cuts, but we in General Electric are convinced that what happens to the economy in the remainder of this year will be largely determined by what business does to help its customers and itself. This is a do-it-yourself country. Each of us is in some way responsible for a part of the total effort, as a consumer, an employee, an investor, a voter, or whatever roles we play in economic life.

That is not to say that federal, state, and local governments do not have important work to do. There are many constructive measures that would stimulate a sound recovery without sowing the seeds of future inflation. What I am suggesting is that the government must provide the political conditions in which the economy can work its way out of the recession; but the government cannot be expected to cure the recession.

Outstanding values available now

General Electric's three-year, $500,000,000 program of capital expenditures, which was announced in 1955,



Over 3,000 share owners—a typical cross section of the nearly half a million Americans who are owners of General Electric—listen to the president's message by Ralph J. Cordiner at the Annual Meeting held in April at Schenectady, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPERATION upturn Build sales and jobs in '58 GENERAL ELECTRIC

A nation-wide "do-it-yourself" program to help build sales and jobs in 1958

is proceeding on schedule. This modernization and expansion program has put the company in an excellent position to give its customers outstanding values and up-to-date products.

The competitive industry prices at which General Electric sells have remained about level, in spite of the continued rise in costs. Customers are getting unusual values at today's prices, and this will help build business volume back up to the normal trend. Looking at the situation realistically, however, such bargain prices cannot be expected to continue indefinitely.

In addition, the company is offering improved credit terms that recognize the problems of the times. More advantageous terms have been made available through the General Electric Credit Corporation, such as the Unemployment Protection Plan to aid customers through periods of unemployment due to sickness or layoff.

A program to accelerate the upturn

This is a moment of opportunity. The slight upturn in some sectors can be turned into a definite trend, and then snowball into a steady recovery, if business will make a fresh, concerted effort.

To this end, the General Electric Company today announces that it is setting in motion a company-wide program of aggressive action in all departments and in all functions to accelerate the upturn in business.

It is known as OPERATION UPTURN. Basically, it is a program to accelerate the upturn in business by bringing extra values and renewed confidence to customers. Its purpose is to build sales and jobs in 1958. All across the country, other companies are announcing their own plans to stimulate sales and renew public confidence. OPERATION UPTURN is part of this exciting national picture of the people of the United States shaking themselves loose from the doubt and confusion of recent months and setting about purposefully to resume the national advance.

Remember, programs such as this, even if they are conducted by all the leading companies in the country, cannot work overnight miracles. But the tide is turning, and this is the time for a massive effort by everyone to keep the economy moving in the right direction. All signs indicate that this country can have its biggest surge of growth in the 1960's.

OPERATION UPTURN . . .

OPERATION upturn Build sales and jobs in '58 GENERAL ELECTRIC

is General Electric's program to help accelerate the upturn in business by bringing extra values and renewed confidence to customers. Its purpose is to build sales and jobs in 1958 through the enthusiasm and participation of more than a quarter million employees, their community friends and neighbors, some 45,000 suppliers, more than 400,000 firms that sell or service the company's products, and nearly half a million share owners. OPERATION UPTURN can help all of us together to contribute more effectively toward our common goals and add confidence and strength to the nation's economy.

Responsibilities for every citizen

In a free economy, economic growth is paced and directed by the decisions of millions of businessmen, consumers, investors, employees — indeed, by every citizen. The faith of our society is that these millions of points of initiative will produce swifter progress, with greater liberty, than any system of centralized control.

Thus, a business recession is really a test of the American people and their form of society. Their decisions — to buy, to invest, to modernize, to work more purposefully, to raise their levels of living — will determine the speed of economic advance. They will also decide whether Russia will, as she has announced, surpass us in the years ahead.

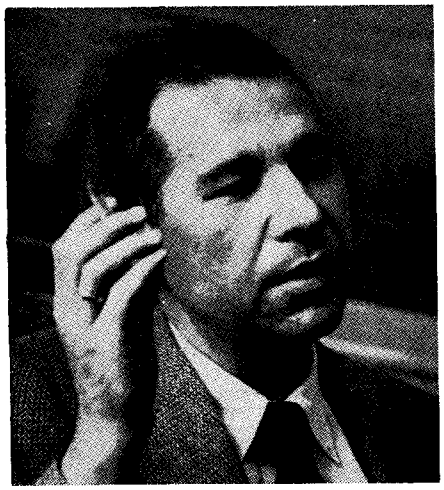
It is my opinion that the American people will bring about the upturn this year and head into a great surge of growth that will leave both the recession and the Russians far behind. This is what we Americans want. And what we want, we are willing to work for. That is all that is needed.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man who reads dictionaries



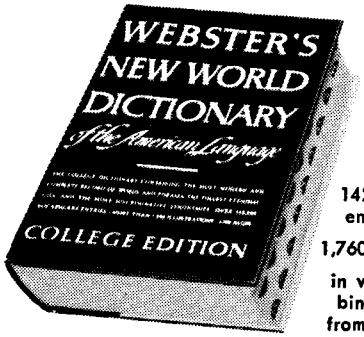
© ERICH HARTMANN

ALFRED KAZIN, distinguished critic, teacher, and author of *On Native Grounds*, *A Walker in the City*, etc., says:

"WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY, *College Edition*, is the most useful desk dictionary I possess. It is more complete than any other dictionary in its range; it is arranged with consummate intelligence and helpfulness, and its definitions of technical terms are invariably clear, terse—and stimulating. One of its most thoughtful features is the series of spot maps which clearly illustrate the relation of particular places to general regions. It is a dictionary of notable clarity and a wonderfully helpful reference aid."

Don't be misled! The word Webster *alone* is no guarantee of excellence. Make sure you get the "experts' dictionary"—ask for a WORLD Webster.

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY



142,000 entries

1,760 pages

in various bindings, from $5.75

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

The Saturday Review

MAY 17, 1958

SR/IDEAS

12 Bureaucrats Are Human, by Sidney Hook

15 Letter to Letter-Writers, by John Ciardi

24 The Men of the Golden Rule: An Editorial

40 New Brunswick Renaissance, by William D. Patterson

SR/BOOKS

16 Literary Horizons

17 The Long March, by Simone de Beauvoir
Reviewed by Han Suyin

18 The Heart of India, by Alexander Campbell
Reviewed by Aubrey Menen

19 The Politics of Inequality, by Gwendolen M. Carter
Reviewed by John Barkham

20 The Gold in Tin Pan Alley, by Helen Meyer
Reviewed by Abel Green

21 Independent Man, by Harry Barnard
Reviewed by Roger Burlingame

22 Of Stars and Men, by Harlow Shapley
Reviewed by Thomas S. Hall

23 Exploring the Distant Stars, by Clyde B. Clason
Reviewed by Dr. John W. Evans

34 On Art and Literature, by Marcel Proust
Reviewed by Wallace Fowlie

34 Man in Modern Fiction, by Edmund Fuller
Reviewed by Howard M. Jones

36 Naked Under Capricorn, by Olaf Ruhen
Reviewed by Robert Payne

37 Hong Kong, by Mona Gardner
Reviewed by Preston Schoyer

37 Les Adieux, by F.-R. Bastide
Reviewed by Otis Fellows

38 Big Oil Man from Arabia, by Michael Sheldon Cheney
Reviewed by William L. Ryan

SR/DEPARTMENTS

8 Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

28 *SR* Goes to the Movies

29 Broadway Postscript

30 TV and Radio

31 Booked for Travel

36 Literary I.Q.

41 Music to My Ears

41 Literary Crypt

42 Mid-Month Recordings

51 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1260

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLI. No. 20. May 17, 1958. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1958 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

Just published: the full working script of

Paddy Chayefsky's

first original screenplay,

THE GODDESS

PADDY CHAYEFSKY has moved with giant steps through the field of dramatic writing.

- His television plays won him acclaim as "TV's finest dramatic writer" (*Television Magazine*) and "one of TV's most honest and distinctive writers" (*John Crosby, New York Herald Tribune*).
- His film adaptations of these plays were highly honored, notably *Marty* (which won the Cannes Film Festival Award) and *The Bachelor Party*.
- His first stage play, *Middle of the Night*, was a solid hit.
- Now he has brought an original movie script to the screen. THE GODDESS

Here is the complete screen play (published simultaneously with the release of the film). It is printed with full camera, acting, and production directions, exactly as in the working script. Chayefsky's introduction takes you behind the scenes and gives you a frank, professional appraisal of the problems involved in making an art film—and particularly those which faced the makers of *The Goddess*.

The Goddess is the story of a girl who realizes her adolescent dream—the great American dream—of becoming a movie star. It is Chayefsky at his most perceptive and compassionate, and reveals the full impact of his growing craftsmanship.

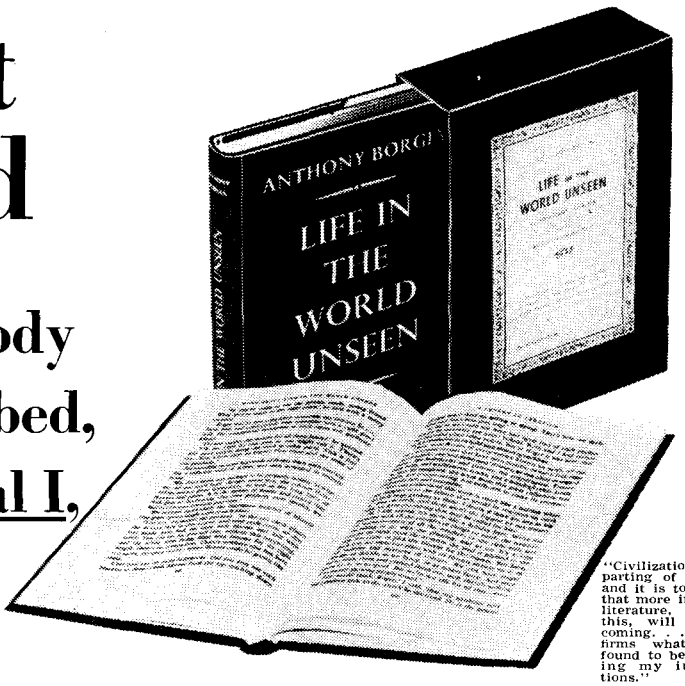
Here is a book that belongs in the basic library of anyone interested in dramatic writing, anyone who wants to watch this brilliant young dramatist at work on the specific problems of a screen play. Here, too, is superb reading in a dramatic, skillfully told story.

THE GODDESS
By PADDY CHAYEFSKY
$3.50 at your booksellers
Simon and Schuster, Publishers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I knew, at once, that I had died

I saw my physical body lying lifeless upon its bed, but here was I, the real I, alive and well."



"Civilization is at the parting of the ways, and it is to be hoped that more informative literature, such as this, will be forthcoming. . . . It confirms what I have found to be true during my investigations."

From Introd. by *Sir John Anderson, Bart.*

Several months ago, travelers from London brought news about a book *recently written* by a man long dead—the son of a former Archbishop of Canterbury. This two-volume work—so much discussed in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and so important for our understanding of what tomorrow may hold for all of us, is called LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN.

What manner of revelation is this, that has changed the thinking of believers and skeptics, the frightened and the hopeful? What is the secret of its compelling influence on the minds of those who read it?

The authoritative international journal *Two Worlds* describes LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN as "*. . . one of the most amazingly detailed accounts of the after-life ever to reach the eyes and ears of the world.*" These volumes give you evidence of a world beyond that differs in many important and unexpected ways from what you may have always imagined. They relate the experiences "after death" of a widely respected clergyman, Robert Hugh Benson, whose father, Edward Benson, was Archbishop of Canterbury.

Is the best of life waiting beyond death?

Here is testimony that the next world is not what we have been taught, but rather what we have instinctively hoped it might be. Anthony Borgia, who acted as Robert Hugh Benson's scribe, relates that the clergyman's great desire in communicating with him was "to correct the wrong impression that exists of the life to come, and to try to remove from people's minds the fear of death" by recounting his detailed, first-hand description of the next world.

If you are one of those people who exercise the right to question what others blindly accept, if you believe that evidence from the world beyond should not be ignored until "science" is ready to explain it—if you like to make up your own mind about life *and death*—you will want to read LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN.

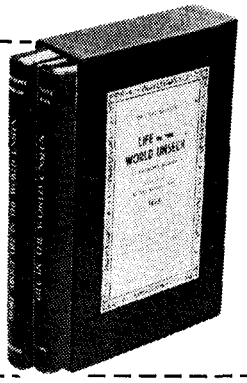
A special limited edition—the very same unabridged set (without a word deleted) that caused so much excitement when published in London—is now available for the first time in America. Because it is imported from England, where printing costs are lower, we are able to make available this handsomely boxed two-volume set for only $6.75.

This may be your final opportunity to obtain Robert Hugh Benson's astonishing account of his experiences. Mail the special coupon for one of the remaining copies of LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN. Read both volumes at your leisure for two full weeks while the trial offer described below is in effect.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

- **The First Awakening**
- **Age in the Spirit World**
- **The Art of Celestial Cities**
- **Spirit Intercourse**
- **The Spirit World of Books**
- **The Astral Hall of Science**
- **The Anatomy of the Spiritual Body**
- **Celestial Gardens and Grounds**
- **The Reward**
- **Attainment of the Higher Realms**
- **Celestial Healing Power**
- **Meeting of Spirit and Earth Worlds**
- **Pleasures of the After-World**
- **Regeneration**

"*Knowledge is the best antidote for fear, especially if that fear should be of the possible or probable state of existence after we have made the change from this life to the next. To discover what kind of place is the next world, we must inquire of someone who lives there, and record what is said. That is what has been done in the present volume.*"
From the Preface *by* Anthony Borgia



Mail this trial examination form today

THE CITADEL PRESS, Dept. L-158
222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me the two volume boxed set of LIFE IN THE WORLD UNSEEN. I will pay postman $6.75 plus postage charges on delivery.

TRIAL OFFER: If these books do not live up to your expectations in every way, return them within two weeks for a full refund.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ SAVE! Enclose $6.75 with your order and publisher pays postage. Same two-week Trial Examination offer.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Florin. Worth about 28 cents. Use to buy an Athole Brose (Scotch and egg concoction) at the Beehive in Edinburgh. There's a map of the city on the ceiling by which one can plot his homeward trip from a prone position.

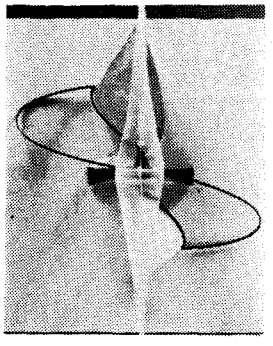
BOAC's "Gaelic Tour" includes London, the Shakespeare country, Chester, Dublin, and Edinburgh. 17 all-expense days only **$685.00** round trip from New York. For detailed itineraries of many tours, get BOAC's book of 1958 tours—from your travel agent or

World Leader in Jet Travel **B·O·A·C** *takes good care of you*

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
Dept. BE-61, 530 Fifth Ave., New York 36, MU 7-8900

The master of Constructivism presents his art and thought —

GABO



Through striking illustrations and his most important writings, the work of a leading exponent of a unique art form demonstrates . . . "a lifetime dedicated to Constructivism — a life unshaken by the more popular fashions of Expressionism, Archaicism, Surrealism, Brutalism, and Disintegrationism, but bent on creating truly human symbols for the form-creating processes of modern science and industry." — LEWIS MUMFORD, **The New Yorker**

84 black and white plates. 16 full color plates plus 10 three dimensional color plates. $15.00

Through your bookseller, or from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden St., Cambridge 38, Mass.

TRADE Winds

A CERTAIN AUTHOR took some children's stories to his publisher, Richard Hughes tells us. The publisher read them and gave his verdict. "There seems to be only one thing wrong with these children's stories of yours," he said. "Namely, they are written for children. We can't publish them. The only children's stories that we or anybody else can publish are those written for adults. I should have thought you would have realized that for yourself."

"I had realized," said the author, "that the majority of so-called stories for children were plainly aimed far more at the parent, but in my innocence I had considered this a defect I hoped to remedy."

"And who do you think buys children's books?" continued the exasperated publisher. "Do you think the children read the reviews? Do you think the children go to the store and browse about till they find something which takes their fancy? No, a book for children must appeal to adults first, last and all the time."

I'm afraid the sardonic Mr. Hughes was right. I have been trying over the years to get my various children to read or listen to Kenneth Grahame or the Christopher Robin series without the slightest success. They have preferred "The Golden Egg Book" at four, the Nancy Drew mysteries at eleven; and at thirteen I find them reading "A Night to Remember," and at fifteen "Sayonara."

What does this prove?

OUR KIDS HAVE BEEN brought up on "Hansel and Gretel," mainly because they think it is a swell story. I can't say I agree with them. Not that I worry especially about the character of the stepmother, who behaves as members of that maligned group are supposed to, nor about the myopic witch, who merely has a peculiar appetite for roasted children—but it is the father's role that always makes me squirm as I read the tale aloud.

When his second wife shrieks that there isn't enough food for all of them, and that the youngsters must be left in the deep woods to die, he at first demurs, for he loves them. But then he gives in! He probably says, "All right, if you'll just shut up, I'll do it."

The plot becomes more hideous when the plan fails and the smart Hansel finds his way home. But then father turns around and does it again. The boy and his sister eventually make their way home once more, this time laden with precious stones. Father greets them warmly. Why? Because they have now made him wealthy? I really wouldn't know.

In my book that phony woodcutter takes the cake for the worst villain in literature. And I'd certainly like to know how he got rid of the stepmother, who was, at least, straightforward.

REGARDING THE matter of Bantamizing the classics, which was covered in TRADE WINDS, Apr. 19: Nunnally Johnson writes me from Beverly Hills:

"Mr. Saul David makes sound sense to me when he proposes an editing of certain classics, but surely he must know that Somerset Maugham did exactly such a job on ten of the greatest works of fiction of the Western world only a few years ago, including 'The Red and the Black.' And this editing, in the three works that I read and compared with other editions, was wonderful. He had gone about it with intelligence and a professional storyteller's eye for what would or would not be missed in any sense. In fact, why shouldn't Mr. David make a deal to republish them in his Bantam Books?"

A MOST ENCOURAGING bit of news has come my way from J. Gregory Conway, author, lecturer, and the country's premier authority on flower arrangements: We Americans have surpassed the Japanese in this art.

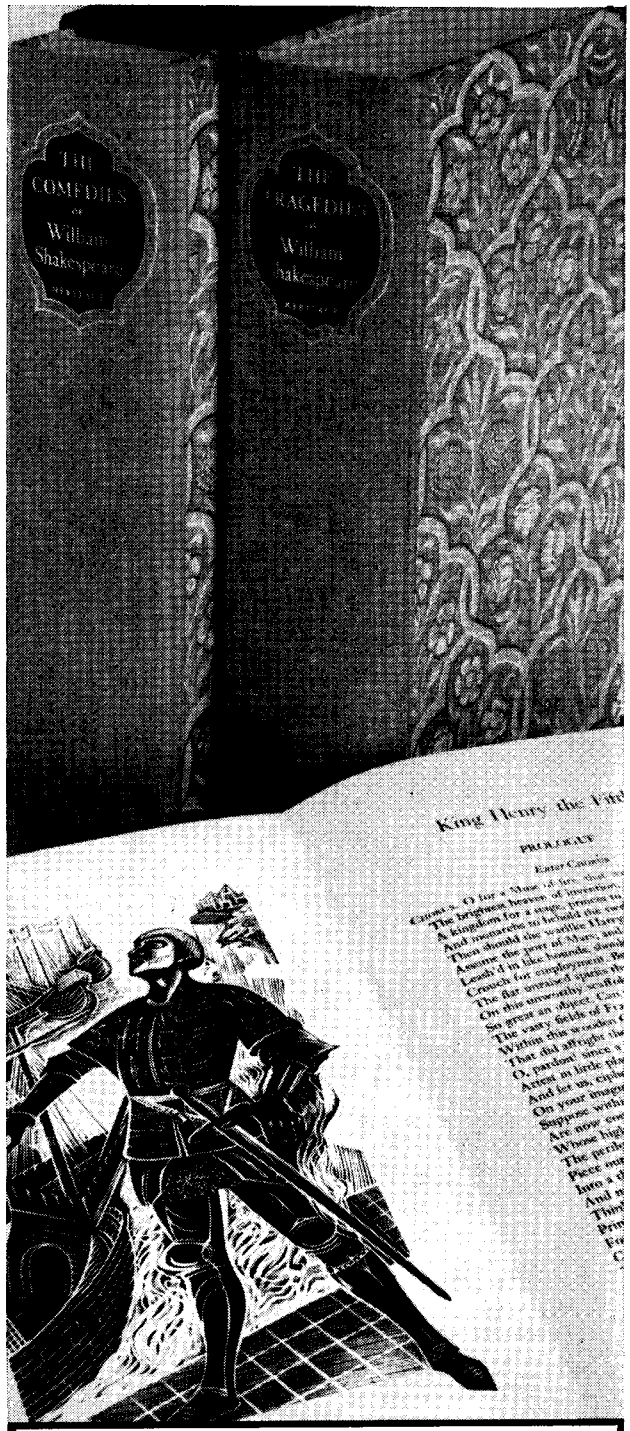
"Japanese flower arrangement is decadent," declared Mr. Conway. "When they led the world it was purism, but now outside influences have corrupted the art so much that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HERITAGE ILLUSTRATED

Shakespeare

ALL THE COMEDIES, TRAGEDIES AND HISTORIES IN THREE BEAUTIFUL, *beautiful* VOLUMES



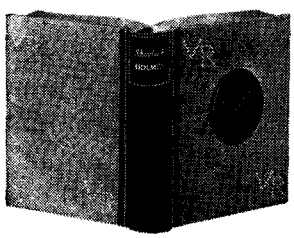
AT LONG LAST... *an eminently readable* ILLUSTRATED *edition of Shakespeare that seems certain to be recognized as one of the most beautiful of modern times*— PRIZED VOLUMES THAT CAN BE YOURS FOR LESS THAN $4 EACH!

IF YOU APPLY for membership in The Heritage Club at this time, you will come into possession of the Bard's plays in an edition that is a delight to look at as well as to read! It is beautifully printed in large, clear type; its modern text is completely free of archaic spelling and punctuation; all the speech-tags are spelled out (*Hamlet* and *Horatio,* not *Ham.* and *Hor.).*

THE ILLUSTRATIONS are our special pride, for each volume has been illustrated by an outstanding artist whose individual style is in full harmony with his subject. *The Comedies* are illustrated with 32 color drawings by Edward Ardizzone, *The Tragedies* with powerful wood-engravings by Agnes Miller Parker, and *The Histories* with color engravings by John Farleigh. In addition, each beautiful 6" x 9½" volume has been bound in a richly decorated three-piece binding and is enclosed in a handsome slipcase.

THIS SHAKESPEARE can be yours as part of your subscription to The Heritage Club's Twenty-third Series. Some of the other titles to be issued in this new Series are: Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination,* with illustrations by William Sharp; *The Mysterious Island* by Jules Verne, illustrated with colored gravures by Edward A. Wilson; Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi,* illustrated by Thomas Hart Benton. And Dante's *Divine Comedy* with engravings by William Blake!

THESE BOOKS are indeed a bargain. In spite of today's spiraling costs, the books of The Heritage Club STILL cost the members no more than they would pay for an ordinary novel that is read once and never looked at again: $3.95 for each book, or even as low as $3.45 if the books are paid for in advance! Act now — write TODAY for the free Prospectus.



Free As your gift-upon-joining, you may have either *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with original illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele, Sidney Paget, and others; or *Peer Gynt* by Henrik Ibsen, illustrated with imaginative paintings by the Norwegian artist Per Krohg.

Mail for free prospectus

THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22.

Send me, without obligation, a copy of the new Prospectus describing the books to be issued in the Twenty-third Series, including the three-volume Shakespeare. You are to hold open a place in your membership pending my decision, and if I become a member I will be entitled to a copy of either *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* or *Peer Gynt,* without cost.

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

(CITY & STATE) SR-23

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

". . . an intellectual thriller." — Anthony Powell, *Punch.*

HENRY JAMES & H. G. WELLS

A Record of Their Friendship, Their Debate on the Art of Fiction, and Their Quarrel, *edited with an introduction by* Leon Edel *and* Gordon N. Ray.

"The most interesting human dramas are those in which unusual and remarkable individuals are involved in issues that have a universal application. Of such a kind is the entertaining and painful little drama enshrined in this volume." — Lord David Cecil, *The Times* (London).

". . . a highly significant debate on the nature of fiction." — J. I. M. Stewart, *Time & Tide.*

"Here are all the documents in the case of the sad, comic, touching relationship between the old master and the increasingly angry young man." — Walter Allen, *New Statesman.*

". . . will be appreciated, not merely by those who esteem these great novelists, but also by those who are interested in the eternal battle between order and rebellion. . . . This book is both sad and entertaining: it is excellently told." — Harold Nicolson, *The Observer* (London). $3.50

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS, URBANA

"★★★★! A SCREEN MIRACLE!"—News
"TAKES THE BREATH AWAY!"—Times

ALL SEATS RESERVED
On sale at boxoffice or by mail
Nightly at 8:30 P.M., Sunday 8:00 P.M
Mats., Wed., Sat., Sun. Hols., 2:30 P.M.

WINDJAMMER
Louis de Rochemont's first production in
CINEMIRACLE

World-Famous
ROXY
50th St. & 7th Ave.
CI 7-6000

---

the garden clubs in our own country are doing the best flower arrangements. We find the Japanese copying us as fast as they can."

Not only is the shoe on the other foot, but Mr. Conway is biting the hand that fed him. (It really isn't true, but I just had to say it.) Conway spent many years in Japan, where he studied horticulture and flower arrangement. He later taught the first accredited course in the subject established in the United States. On one of his visits to Japan the government there made a motion picture about him, seeing as how he was the world's greatest Occidental expert in this Oriental art.

His current book is called "The Encyclopedia of Flower Arrangement" (Knopf). When he wrote his first book more than twenty years ago ("Flowers East and West") he lamented to his literary agent:

"Gee, I really want to write fiction, something like 'Gone With the Wind'."

"Don't you worry," assured the agent, whose name is not recorded, "they'll be reading 'Flowers East and West' long after 'Gone With the Wind' is forgotten."

Well, the fact is that "Flowers" is still being bought and read. Now if we could just forget that other one.

HENRY MYERS, author ("The Utmost Island") and teacher (at NYU), has just issued ten rules for avoiding "writer's block." He says that "most so-called blocks are disguised forms of laziness." The rules:

► When you finish writing for the day, never complete your last sentence.
► When stymied, retype or rewrite your last page, even if you think there is nothing the matter with it.
► Make a rash promise on deadlines.
► Habitually use some implement of writing to which you are sentimentally attached.
► If the next thing you want to say is not very clear to you, try writing it just for yourself, without thought for style, grammar, punctuation.
► Try dictating.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1259)

Sydney J. Harris:
MAJORITY OF ONE

Just before Christmas, I happened to encounter a number of magazine and newspaper articles dealing with the same theme: how to be a successful host at a party. . . . All of them ignored the basic ingredient, which is simply to enjoy one's own party.

FERBER
her new best seller
$4.50 DOUBLEDAY
ICE PALACE

John Gunther
INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY
Top choice of the critics in *The Saturday Review's* Spring Book Poll
550 pages; 5 maps • $5.95 • HARPER

---

for the *JAZZ*
Aficionado, collector, mouldy fig, sour grape, crazy, cool, square; no one (repeat) no one ! ! ! ! ! can be without .....
the 1958 HI-FI recording of the
EUREKA BRASS BAND
on FOLKWAYS, 12" FA 2462, $5.95
recorded in New Orleans, March '58 by Samuel B. Charters N.O. authority.
album contains: Panama, Lord-Lord, Eternity (funeral march), Maryland, Trombonium, etc. with an 8 page illustrated booklet.
FOLKWAYS RECORDS
117 west 46th st NYC. 36, NY.

Free to WRITERS
seeking a book publisher
Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. SR-5
Exposition Press / 386 4th Ave., N.Y. 16

MEMO TO WRITERS:
The priceless ingredient in every book is the integrity of the publisher. If we are convinced of the quality and sales potential of your manuscript, we will offer you a fair cooperative contract. Publication will be handled by men of vision and experience. Submit your manuscript to:
THE AMERICAN PRESS
Atten: Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

► Imitate the rhythm of your favorite writer, or of any other writer.
► Set for yourself a daily quota of words.
► Never have only one writing project in work. Have a dozen.
► Do not "feel" what you are writing while you are writing it.

SPRING READING

By M. J. Arlen
(*a frustrated reviewer*)

Spring, as all of us know by now, is the time for light and frothy reading, and perhaps the lightest of the new books just published for the "hammock trade" is Hobart Morbleux's forty-two-page "Illustrated History of Glue." Mr. Morbleux has done a great deal of research on his subject and it's a safe bet that this is the most authoritative work on glue published to date in this country (or France).

The book's main focus, if that's the word I'm looking for, is the nutritional value of glue, which Mr. Morbleux maintains has been sadly and foolishly overlooked in our time. By means of a few amusing, and extremely dirty, stories the author rapidly traces the development of this remarkable substance from its discovery as an explosive in eleventh-century China to its present position (and you know what that is!), concluding with some of his own recipes. This is Mr. Morbleux's first book, nine others, his publishers tell us, having been refused publication "in three continents and Canada."

Something in a slightly different vein (and what isn't?) is "Who Shot Clayton Firkle?" by Ella Mae Zinderneuf. Most of the carefully-drawn characters from Miss Zinderneuf's other books ("Who Shot Martin Shenstone?", "Who Shot Jonathan Trebizond?", "Who Shot Samson Delaplane?", etc.) appear here once again, with the exception that the sinister Dr. Mannerheim is introduced for two chapters as a retired Methodist minister, the murder weapon is a French "75," and the action for no particular reason takes place in New South Wales at the turn of the century. Followers of Miss Zinderneuf, however, will be happy to know that suave, affable Inspector Stanton Beamish (last seen falling freestyle 19,000 feet into the Indian Ocean in "Who Shot Morgan Holloway?") is back playing his customary role with only a few nasty headwounds. Miss Zinderneuf writes that she works best in bed with her feet in traction, and adds archly that her books are sometimes read best that way too.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(*By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Cheek."*)

WHAT TO DO TILL THE PSYCHIATRIST COMES

Once upon a time at the University of Virginia there was a coed named, oddly enough, Virginia University who was handsome and kindly and intelligent and ingeniously constructed and majoring in psychology. Virginia went steady with a young man on campus named, oddly enough, Oddly Enough who was supple and fair and lithe and animated and majoring in phys ed.

Virginia and Oddly enjoyed a romance that was as idyllic as a summer day, as placid as a millpond. Never did they fight—never, never, never!—because Virginia, who was majoring in psychology, did not believe in fighting. "Fighting," she often said, "settles nothing. The scientific way is to look for the cause of friction."

So whenever she and Oddly were on the verge of a quarrel, she used to whip out a series of ink blot tests and they would discover the true underlying cause of their dispute and deal with it in an enlightened, dispassionate manner. Then, the irritant removed, their romance would resume its tranquil, serene, unruffled course.

After six months of this sedate liaison, Oddly was so bored he could spit. He loved Virginia well enough, but he also believed that people in love ought to fight now and then. "It opens the pores," he said. "And besides, it's so much fun making up afterwards."

But Virginia would not be provoked into a quarrel. One night Oddly tried very hard. "Hey," he said to her, "your hair looks like a bat's nest and your ears look like last year's turnips and your face looks like a pan of worms and as for your head, I've seen better heads on newel posts."

"My goodness, we're hostile tonight!" said Virginia cheerfully and whipped 120 Rorschach cards out of her reticule. "Come," she said, "let us examine your psychic apparatus."

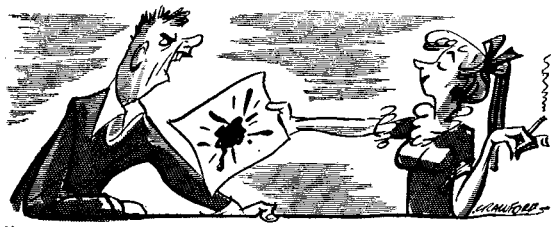
Oddly tried again. "Who makes your clothes?" he sneered. "Bethlehem Steel?"

"Hmm," said Virginia thoughtfully and lit a cigarette. "This sounds like an anxiety neurosis with totemism, anagogic trauma, and a belt in the back."

"I hate you," said Oddly. "I hate your looks and your clothes and your toenails and your relatives and the cigarettes you smoke."

"Now, hold on, buster!" cried Virginia, her eyes crackling, her color mounting, her nostrils aflame. "Just keep a civil tongue in your stupid head when you talk about Marlboro! Nobody's knocking that filter, that flavor, that flip-top box while there's breath in my body! It's a great cigarette, it's a doozy, it's a dilly, it's a bear—and anybody who says a word against it gets *this!*"

By "*this*" Virginia meant a series of combinations to the head and liver, which she now delivered to Oddly and turned on her heel and stormed away.



"Who Makes your Clothes-Bethlehem Steel?"

Oddly brought her down with a flying tackle. "I love you," he said.

"And Marlboro?" said she.

"And Marlboro," said he.

And they kissed and plaited love knots in one another's hair and were married at Whitsun and smoked happily ever after.

© 1958, Max Shulman

* * *

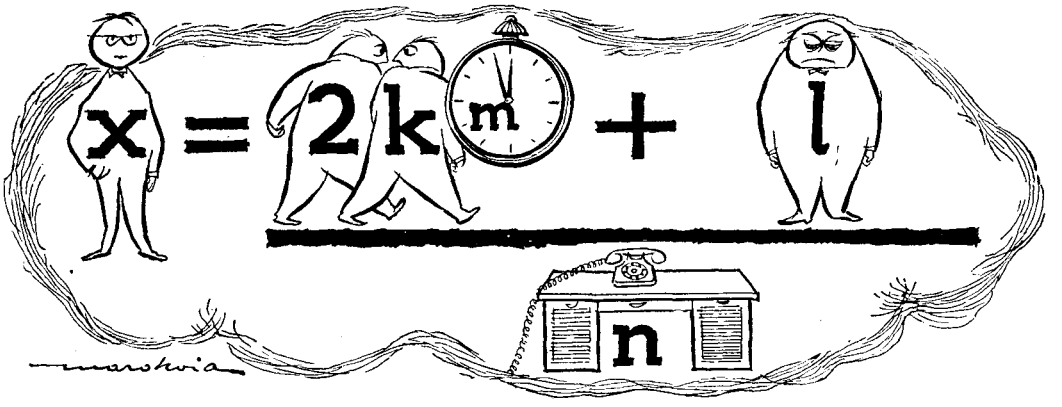
And you too, gentle readers, will smoke happily ever after, once you try Marlboro, the cigarette that gives you such a lot to like—including, we earnestly hope, this column.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

MAY 17, 1958

BUREAUCRATS ARE HUMAN



Sidney Hook, chairman of the department of philosophy (Graduate School) of New York University since 1948, and author of many volumes of reflective commentary like "Education for Modern Man," does not like to see one class suffer for our universal sins. The bureaucrat is not nearly the villain he's painted. For most of his crimes we—and society—are as much to blame as he is, and in a large, complex world none of us can hope to escape from large, complex bureaucracies. Professor Hook's article is an expansion of an address delivered this spring before the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs.

By SIDNEY HOOK

FOR centuries desperate citizens have watched government and industrial bureaucracies grow in size and complexity like throbbing globs of protoplasm determined to swallow up the whole world, but it was not until last year that a brilliant young professor of history, C. Northcote Parkinson, put his finger on the forces here at work and summed it up with a mathematical quip. In his masterwork, "Parkinson's Law" (Houghton Mifflin, $3), he reduced the problem of "staff accumulation" to a simple mathematical expression

$$x = \frac{2k^m + l}{n}$$

where x stands for the number of new staff required each year; k, the number of staff seeking promotion through the appointment of subordinates; l, the difference between the ages of appointment and retirement; m, the number of man-hours devoted to answering minutes within the department; and n, the number of effective units being administered. Instead of dividing by n, one should perhaps multiply.

The full implications of Parkinson's discovery and mathematical pleasantry lie beyond the scope of this article, but we feel its suggestive nature best if we appreciate that, on the basis of Parkinson's Law, we can illumine such a phenomenon as this: in 1914 the Royal Navy had a strength of 146,000 officers and men, 3,249 dockyard officials and clerks, 57,000 dockyard workmen, 62 capital ships; in 1928 there were 100,000 officers and men, 62,439 workmen, 20 capital ships, and *4,558 dockyard officials and clerks.* The equation does not, of course, recommend what to do with all these clerks, but it may suggest another aid in halting recessions.

Now, a bureaucrat is not just a k in a formula whose special pleasure it is to harass patient taxpayers. A bureaucrat is an administrator. When we are dissatisfied with the way an administrator behaves we call him a bureaucrat. In this sense, bureaucracy is a disease of administration. All organizations are subject to it—whether government, business, union, church, or university.

THE problems of bureaucracy are as old as human organization. They are accentuated today by four contemporary factors. First, there is the problem of hugeness in the size of institutions. This interferes with intimacy and face-to-face relationships. Second, there is the specialization of skills and knowledge. This makes us more and more dependent upon trained administrative personnel. Third, there is the interlocking character of the chains of command in various institutions. This makes it difficult to counterpose one bureaucratic power against another in order to limit excesses of power. Fourth, there are external dangers to the security of the state,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first from Fascism and now from Communism. This gives policymakers and administrators great authority in the interests of defense. "Weapons of criticism are laid aside when criticism by weapons begins"—at least for he time being. If all this is true, we must be careful to avoid easy denunciations of bureaucracy. In fact, we ought never to overlook the human being in the bureaucrat and the potential bureaucrat in ourselves.

ADMINISTRATION is like government. It always takes away some individual freedom, but its justification must be sought in the fact that it makes possible more of the desired kinds of freedom than would be possible in its absence. Without the operation of our present complex administrative procedures of licensing, regulating, inspecting, and controlling the use of automombiles, for example, who in his senses would maintain that he could have the same individual freedom to use his car in our highly populated cities as he presently has?

Nonetheless, there is good and sufficient reason for scrutinizing carefully the entire machinery of administration in the light of new developments. There is first the tendency exhibited by all bureaucracies, whether in government or outside it, to expand 'heir personnel and needlessly to proliferate their functions. A "healthy" officialdom is apparently an expanding one, and this irrespective of function. The story is told that in a large American university a special messenger service was introduced to expedite the sending of dissertations and important documents from office to office. As the years went by the messenger service became more extended until the campus swarmed with messengers, scurrying to and fro. A new president intent on economy looked at this department with a jaundiced eye and wanted to eliminate it. In a desperate effort to justify the messenger service its head asked: "Why, all sorts of things come up. Just suppose a million-dollar check came in tomorrow. How would we get it to the bank?" "I'd take it to the bank myself," the president replied, and he got rid of the messenger bureau.

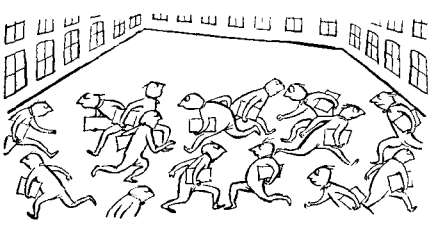
Bureaucratic growth and deformation occur even when the function is originally justified. The bureaucratic machine keeps on growing even when the need for it has disappeared. During the last war the Office of War Information set up a radio monitoring service to keep a check on enemy propaganda. Efficient routines were established and a steady content-analysis of enemy propaganda flowed from the relevant OWI offices. Toward the end of the war the enemy radio

stations in Italy were captured by the Allies and used for Allied propaganda. An OWI executive in Washington discovered that the monitoring service was still making a content-analysis of these stations even though they were issuing not enemy propaganda but Allied propaganda. When this was called to the attention of the staff members responsible, they justified their procedure on the ground that the content-analysis was useful to the other staffs still monitoring German and Japanese stations. This naturally was confirmed by these staffs in turn, who were wondering what would be their fate when Allied troops took over the German and Japanese radio stations.

Everyone can tell his own story about bureaucratic ineptitudes. Yet I do not believe this is the central point. No group or individual has a monopoly on human stupidity. The cure of bad administration is better administration, not no administration. The more important question to ask is: what are the justifying values of administration or bureaucracy?

After all, how an administrator becomes a bureaucrat is what concerns us. Analysis of this key question depends upon the values we take as fundamental and upon our conception of the best process by which these values are to be achieved. Here we come to conflicting views of the proper role of administration. One view is familiar to us in the Platonic conception of the rule of the philosopher-king or, in modern idiom, the rule of the expert. The second is the democratic view, which takes its chances with inefficiency but insists on diffusing power and yet making it more responsive and responsible.

THE first view is based on the assumption that the expert, the man who has specialized knowledge, training, and experience, knows the genuine interests of those whose welfare he administers better than the masses



affected by his decisions. Just as the physician knows better than the patient what constitutes good health and the best means of achieving it, so the experts, the physicians of state, so to speak, are supposed to know better than the citizens in what the public welfare consists. This view crops up in all sorts of organizations, public and private. Those who administer service organizations sometimes assert that they know the interests of their clients better than the latter do themselves. Leaders of trade unions often insist that they can achieve greater benefits for their members by paternalistic guidance than by permitting the spontaneous expressions of preference which too often reflect the influence of loud and demagogic voices. All this is urged in defense of proposals to restrict the processes of decision-making to the expert and informed: *i.e.*, by definition, to the administrator and the bureaucrat.

THE democratic view to which we North Americans are all committed in theory, although our practice does not always reflect it, challenges this position. It asserts that, by and large, adult human beings who have access to relevant sources of information are better judges of their own interests than any group of administrators, bureaucrats, or experts. The most relevant source of information for most people is their own experience and their reflection upon that experience. In the basic affairs of life this is obvious and can be denied only by paternalists who believe that the human estate is one of perennial childhood.

After all, those who wear the shoes know best where they pinch. The expert may know best how to correct shoes that pinch, but the criterion of proper correction is set by the consumer. It cannot be set by the planner of the "ideal" shoe, who would force people's feet into perfect footwear and charge them with sabotage or "reactionarism" when they cry out in distress. (Plato had a glimpse of this in the tenth book of the "Republic" but did not grasp its implications. For it threatens the principle on which his "Republic" rests.)

We take it as axiomatic that we have the right to change our political shoes in the light of experience. Although we may seek advice, take it, or reject it, in the end the responsibility is ours. We cannot forgo this responsibility without admitting that others are better judges than we ourselves of our interests. From this it follows that delegation of power to officials or administrators presupposes that the proper exercise of their func-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion will involve periodic consultation with those affected by their decisions, awareness of their needs and desires, the exchange of relevant information, and the multiplication of opportunities for participation of ordinary citizens (or rank-and-file members) in the processes of decision-making.

A common retort to suggestions of this sort is that it hampers efficiency. And it is undeniable that consultation, the give-and-take of argument, the establishing of a consensus take time. Measured by time spent or wasted, it is more efficient to entrust *one* person with policy decision. Yet sometimes it is possible to pay too high a price in human dignity for such efficiency. Furthermore, there are many kinds of efficiency—defined in terms of plural satisfactions or defined in terms of a single narrow goal of production. The efficiency of an army is determined differently from the efficiency of a trade union or a university. Even in cases where production is taken as an index of efficiency, it may turn out that production is in turn dependent upon employe morale, satisfaction, *esprit de corps* resulting from a consciousness of effective participation, of co-responsibility for operations of the enterprise. In affairs of the mind, however, where creativity not efficiency is the final good, the graver danger comes from mediocrity not bureaucracy. Here quality not numbers must rule.

IT IS sometimes protested that this attitude leads to the invasion of the province of administration, and subjects the expert to the judgment of those who are not expert. Here we must make a distinction. There is of course a danger that untrained individuals will presume to talk about what they do not know and about what they are not competent to assess. But one does not have to be an expert in order to judge the handiwork of experts. Surely, I can judge whether the soup is good even though I cannot prepare it. No chef can intimidate a man who knows what he likes into abandoning his judgment because he does not possess the chef's culinary prowess. We don't have to be a general to know who is a good general, a watchmaker to tell a good timepiece from a poor one, a pilot to know who brings his passengers safely to port. A wise use of things depends upon knowledge of them, but not all knowledge of things leads to a wise use of them. For wisdom is an affair of values. It rests on a knowledge of what we really want, what we are prepared to give up for what we want, its price or cost not only in terms of pain but in the alternatives of other goods which are excluded by our choice. In this sense, for free men there are no experts in wisdom even though some men are obviously wiser than others. Whoever deprives us of our responsibility for choosing—for choosing even unwisely—deprives us of our freedom. That is why, as Jefferson saw, the defence of freedom in a democracy ultimately lies in a legislature responsible to the people, not in a Supreme Court responsible only to itself.

There is some weighty historical evidence which reinforces natural skepticism of those who are convinced that their expertness gives them the "right to manage" the affairs of men. For bureaucracies acquire power not so much by usurpation as by gradual use and wont. Nor do they always succumb to the specific temptation of furthering their material interests. Not infrequently it is the temptation to manipulate human beings, the refusal to brook contradiction, the desire to get things done quickly which exercises the corrupting influence. There is a type whom we can identify as the managerial autocrat who enjoys driving himself as much as others even when his material rewards are not disproportionately higher than others. He may even exhibit a certain self-righteousness about his sacrifices and dedication. And all this may be abetted by the indifference of the ordinary citizen or member. The consequences of benevolent autocracy and popular apathy may be very grave. In some trade unions, the individual member possesses fewer rights with respect to his own organization, especially if he opposes or agitates against official policy, than he possesses as a citizen with respect to his government.

HISTORY, however, cuts two ways and those of us who defend the democratic variant of administration must face the contention of a formidable school of Italian thinkers—Michels, Pareto, and Mosca—who assert that all institutions require organization, all organization hierarchy, and all hierarchy the operating rule of a minority. This is the so-called "iron law of oligarchy," or rule of the elite. It may be formulated in various ways, but for present purposes it can be characterized as the view that democrats may be victorious, democracy never, and that a bureaucracy can indeed be overthrown or tamed but only by a movement which supplants the old bureaucracy with a new one. According to this view, behind all the grandiose ideology and rhetoric one underlying law allegedly dominates social life. In every system and at all times there is a class which commands and a class which is commanded. The first class is always smaller, smarter, stronger and, when they call themselves democrats, more unctuous and hypocritical than the second class. You can do anything to the ruling class, they tell us, but you can never get it off the backs of the masses.

There is no space to do justice to all the phases of this view. It makes sense only when counterposed to the nonsense which interprets democracy as if it were *the direct rule* of the majority. But democracy never is the direct rule of a majority because it never can be. All democratic life depends upon the delegation of power and all delegation must be to a minority. This is the veriest tautology. The significant question is how this minority is selected, whether it is responsible and to whom, whether it has a monopoly of power, whether it is subject to law, whether it rests on uncoerced consent or whether the consent is elicited by the judicious use of bread, circuses, and force.

The iron law of oligarchy puts us on our guard against the myriads of ways in which by smooth manipulation of the rules of the game minorities in power can frustrate the needs and defeat the aspirations of those who are the source of sovereignty in democratic communities. But the fact that it allegedly holds both for the regime of Hitler and Stalin, and those, say, of Roosevelt and Churchill, for trade unions headed by Hoffa and Beck as well as those headed by Reuther and Dubinsky, shows we are dealing not with a law but with a tendency that can be managed. Whether the "law" be made of iron or not, it can be bent by the strength of our knowledge of human frailty and temptation, and by our passion for human freedom and justice, into a pattern which does not bind.

DEMOCRACY and democratically functioning administrations are therefore possible but they are difficult. They are difficult because our goals often conflict and must be reconciled, sometimes by emphasizing one value, sometimes another. All of our administrative mechanisms must be applied in concrete situations in which we confront conflicting claims to security and freedom, efficiency and happiness, safety and adventure, greater profit and greater service.

One of the great dangers of organization is that it inhibits spontaneity There are areas of human experience, especially personal relations, in which there can be no compensation for the loss of spontaneity, of fresh, natural response. Even educational institu-

(*Continued on page* 41)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER TO LETTER-WRITERS

By JOHN CIARDI

I HAVE never known a magazine with *SR*'s knack for calling forth LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. No one writing for *SR* need suffer from a sense that his ideas have disappeared into the void: he will hear from the readers. I have been hearing of late, and the charge this time, made by some readers, is that I have despoiled a great poem in my analysis of Robert Frost's "Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening" (*SR* Apr. 12).

The Frost article was self-declaredly at effort at close analysis. I believe the poem to be much deeper than its surfaces, and I set out to ask what sort of human behavior it is that presents a surface of such simplicity while stirring such depths of multiple responses. It may be that I analyzed badly, but the more general charge seems to be that all analysis is inimical to poetry, and that general charge is certainly worth a closer look.

A number of readers seem to have been offended by the fact that the analysis was longer than the poem, which, as one reader put it, "comprises four stanzas, sixteen lines, 108 words" (rather technical analysis, that sort of word-counting), whereas my article ran to "ten full columns."

A first clear assumption in this reader's mind is the assertion that an analysis must not be longer than what it analyzes. I can see no way of defending that assumption. If there is to be any analysis at all, it is in the nature of things that the analysis be longer than the poem or the passage it analyzes. One hundred and eight words will hardly do simply to describe the stanzaic form and rhyme scheme of the poem, without any consideration of the nature of the rhyme problem. Analysis and the poem are simply enough tortoise and hare. The difference from the fable is that the poetic hare does not lie down and sleep. The unfabled tortoise, however, may still hope to crawl after and, in some sense, to mark the way the hare went.

The second assumption is that analysis obscures ("does not lead the way to") a poem, and amounts in fact to mere "probing, poking, and picking." The charge as made is not specifically against my article but against all analysis. The question may, therefore, be simply located: should poetry be talked about at all?

A number of readers clearly take the position that it must not be. "One should accept it (the experience of the poem) as given, without further analysis," asserts one reader. "One does not enhance a rainbow by subjecting it to spectrometric analysis." An unwavering position and an interesting figure of speech. I am drawn to that rainbow and fascinated by this use of the word "enhance." By "spectrometric analysis" I take the gentleman to mean "investigating the physical nature of" but said, of course, with an overtone of disdain at the idea of seeing "beauty" meaningfully through any "instrument." That disdain aside, however, one may certainly ask why detailed knowledge of the physical phenomena that produce a rainbow should "unenhance" the rainbow's emotional value. Is speculation into the nature of things to be taken as a destruction of nature?

TWO years ago, looking down on Rome from the Gianiculum, I saw two complete rainbows in the sky at once, not just pieces of rainbows but complete arcs with both ends of each arc visible at once in a great bridge above the city. And in what way did it hurt me as part of my instant delight to register some sense of the angle at which the sun had to hit the atmosphere in order to produce such a prodigy? I must insist on remaining among those who are willing to learn about rainbows.

Such disdain seems to be shared by many of our readers. Mr. Philip Wylie, a man described to me as an author, filed the strongest, or at least the longest, of the recent objections. My "implement," as he sees it, bounces "from the granite (of the poem) with predictable damage to the self-anointed Thor. Ciardi must be all Ph.D., and of the new academic sub-species."

Not exactly factual, since I do not own a Ph.D., but fair enough: giving lumps is a time-honored literary game and anyone with a typewriter may play. Mr. Wylie's indignation is largely against my way of dealing with Mr. Frost's poem, and that is a charge I must waive—he may be right, he may be wrong; no score. One part of his charge, however, is a more general anger at the idea that anyone should go into a detailed analysis of the rhyme scheme of a poem that "just came" to the poet. Once again the basic charge is that poetry is damaged by analysis. One should "just let it come."

Many others have joined Mr. Wylie in his defense of the untouchable-spontaneous. "Get your big clumsy feet off that miracle," says one reader I find myself especially drawn to. "What good do you think you do," writes another, "when you tear apart a thing as lovely as Mr. Frost's poem?" Another: "A dissecting kit belongs in the laboratory, not the library." And still another: "If one thought of poetry as Mr. C does, the joy of just reading beautiful poetry would be gone completely. One would begin to spend all his time dealing with symbols and such."

I must, parenthetically, reject some of the terms of that last letter. "Begin to spend *all* his time," is the writer's idea: that "all" is no part of mine. I shall pass the sneer contained in the phrase "symbols and such." But I cannot accept the responsibility for defending myself when misquoted. One reader, for example, accuses me of stating that a poem "is not at all about what it seems to be about." I can only reply that those are his terms, not mine, and that I have no thought of defending them.

It is that "all" in the first quotation, however, that locates the central misunderstanding. "Once one begins to analyze," the assumption runs, "he begins to spend all of his time 'merely analyzing' and the analysis not only takes the place of the poem but leads to the poem's destruction."

Were there no misconception involved, this reader's anger would certainly be justified. What is misconceived is the idea that the analysis is intended to take the place of the poem. Far from it. One takes a poem apart only in order to put it back together again with greater understanding. The poem itself is the thing. A good poem is a hanging gull on a day of perfect winds. We sit below and watch it own the air it rides: a miracle from nature. There it hangs on infallible wings. But suppose one is interested in the theory of flight (as the gull itself, to be sure, need not be) and suppose one notices that the gull's wings can perform miracles in the air because they have a par-

(*Continued on page* 48)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Uprooted

By Granville Hicks

IN CERTAIN superficial respects Brian Glanville's **"The Bankrupts"** (Doubleday, $3.95) resembles Herman Wouk's "Marjorie Morningstar." Although it is laid in London rather than New York, the Jewish community it depicts is very much like that pictured by Mr. Wouk, and both novels show a girl in revolt against her family. Unlike Wouk, however, Glanville is sympathetic to his heroine's rebellion and rather harsh in his portrayal of what she is rebelling against.

The heroine is Rosemary Frieman, whose grandfather emigrated from Vilna, whose father is a prosperous manufacturer of cheap dresses and suits. Rosemary regards her parents as dull, limited in their interests, quarrelsome, and dictatorial. She is bored by their friends, who are all a good deal like them, and she questions the sincerity of their insistence on the observation of certain religious forms. Most of all, she resents their determination to make a good match for her. She wants to get away from "the rows and the emotional blackmail and the awful materialism."

Like Marjorie, Rosemary falls in love with a young man whom her parents think wholly unsuitable. Bernard Carter is a graduate student of literature and something of a Bohemian, and he is not on easy terms with his parents, although Rosemary finds them more tolerable than her own. But if Bernard is not the up-and-coming young businessman the Friemans believe their daughter should marry, he is anything but a Noel Airman. He is serious and responsible and less inclined than Rosemary to reject his Jewish heritage.

Rosemary's struggle to establish her independence from her family and her growing involvement with Bernard are conscientiously described. Suddenly the pace quickens: Bernard goes to Israel to teach, with Rosemary reluctantly agreeing to join him later if he decides that he wants to stay; she discovers that she is pregnant and plans to join him at once; word comes that Bernard has been killed by Arabs; Rosemary decides that she wants their baby to be born and to grow up in Israel.

If Glanville intends the novel to point a moral, and if he assumes that the events that take place in the concluding chapters do in some way bear out the arguments on behalf of Israel that Bernard offers to Rosemary, I am afraid he has made a serious mistake. On the other hand, he presents his thesis in terms that I find more acceptable than Wouk's, and in his portrayal of the Friemans' milieu there is a substantial, praiseworthy realism. The most interesting question the book raises is whether upper-middle-class Jewish life is different and worse than upper-middle-class life in general. Rosemary thinks it is different and worse, whereas Bernard will admit only the difference. So far as I am concerned, the debate is unresolved.

Many of the stories in Bernard Malamud's **"The Magic Barrel"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) portray Jewish life of a more interesting sort than what we see in "The Bankrupts." Of course, Malamud is a considerably more original and resourceful writer than Glanville, and whatever he touches springs to life. But it does seem to me that he has a head start in dealing with poor rather than rich Jews. In the story that gives the volume its title Malamud says of a character that he "drew the consolation that he was a Jew and that a Jew suffered." One might say that the people in "The Bankrupts," having escaped from the grosser, more obvious kinds of suffering, are lost, whereas the people in a typical Malamud story are at home with misery.

Malamud's first novel, "The Natural," published in 1952, was a wildly original extravaganza of baseball. In his second, "The Assistant," which appeared last year, he wrote, with calm, deep assurance about a Jewish storekeeper. It is in the world of Jewish storekeepers and their like that most of the stories in "The Magic Barrel" are laid. In "The Assistant," which seems to me one of the important novels of the postwar period, Jewish experience is used as a way of approaching the deepest, broadest problems of love and fear, of communion and isolation in human life. So, too, in "The Magic Barrel": the more faithfully Malamud renders Jewish life, the wider his meanings are.

Malamud's stories often have a legendary quality, whether his method is realistic, as "The First Seven Years," or fantastic, as in "Angel Levine." In these particular stories there are echoes of the Bible: the allusion to Jacob and Rachel in the title of the first, the paraphrase of Job in the opening of the second. He does not merely allude to legends, however; he creates them. The title story, for instance, seems to be the kind of tale that is handed down from generation to generation in a culture that depends on oral tradition. This and certain of the other stories appear to have been brought to the exactly right shape by a process of attrition.

His stories are varied, more varied than I had realized as I encountered them in magazines. "A Summer's Reading" has a deceptive simplicity that reminds me of Sherwood Anderson. "The Lady of the Lake" ends with a twist that would have amused O. Henry, though Malamud, needless to say, has not written it for the sake of the twist. Some stories are put together with textbook precision, but others pass themselves off as mere anecdotes. Although compassion is obviously Malamud's great quality, he has many resources, among them the comic inventiveness of such a story as "Behold the Key."

The question Malamud asks more often than any other is: what are the limits of human responsibility? In "The Last Mohican" he develops the theme with a rare combination of humor and pathos, whereas in "Take Pity" he approaches it by way of fantasy. More often he is quietly matter-of-fact, as in "The Bill" and "The Loan." "The Loan" will serve as an example of what Malamud can do. Here are Lieb the baker and his wife, aging and ill, and here is Kobotsky, also aging and ill, who asks Lieb for money so that he can place a stone on his wife's grave. That, in the midst of so much physical suffering, the three can undergo profound agonies of soul, Kobotsky in asking a favor, the others in deciding whether or not to grant it, becomes, in Malamud's hands, a triumph of the human spirit.

Although the leading characters in Dan Jacobson's **"The Price of Dia-**

(*Continued on page* 39)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China's Journey to Tomorrow

"The Long March," by Simone de Beauvoir *(translated by Austryn Wainhouse; World. 513 pp. $7.50), is a report, by one of France's most noted intellectuals, of her six week tour through Communist China. Han Suyin, who reviews the book, is the author of "A Many-Splendored Thing."*

By Han Suyin

THE time was June, 1956, a hot afternoon in Peking. I was sitting with Chou En-lai and his wife, nearing the end of a three hours' talk, now discussing the relative merits and demerits of several books and articles published by Western visitors to China. Chou En-lai wound up: "Of those who come to see us, nine in ten bring their emotions and their prejudices with them, either for or against us; they go back to prove themselves right, either for or against." This statement may sound sweeping, but it focuses on a perplexity which, as an Asian, I often encounter when I read books by European writers on an Asian country. Rare is the volume which leaves one unaware of the emotional climate, the fixed set of moral judgments and conditioned reflexes of the author, an attitude of mind unconscious to the writer but obvious to us, and which makes every "objective assessment" a description of the writer's own reactions, rather than a description of the reality he has encountered.

This is not a reflection on the conscious honesty of the writer; each and every one of us wears impalpable blinkers; many an authoritative writer is authoritative in that proportion in which he is unaware of his limitations to understanding.

It was with a feeling of happiness, therefore, that I read Simone de Beauvoir's book. Not that it is a perfect book; some parts of it are too optimistic, even, if I may say so, in spite of my admiration for this major work, a little naïve. But to me the importance, the overwhelming value of this book in contrast with others, is that its author has attempted to know herself, to assess her mental premises and reservations, before attempting to manipulate the Chinese material at her disposal. She has tried to question her own questions. She has asked herself not only, "What shall I write about this phenomenon, what do I feel and think about it?" She has gone further into scientific honesty and asked herself, "How must I look at this? From which point of view must I judge and what part of my judgment will be due to my own background?" She has questioned her own perspective, aware that not all is always as she feels or sees it. And for this integrity, as well as the humility with which she calls her volume an "Essay on China," all praise is due, for it is so much in contrast with the brilliant, wholesale, and arrogantly sweeping judgments of patented experts. By this method she has achieved for us a new perspective.

From the perspective she has adopted, Simone de Beauvoir has refused to do what others have done; refused to dignify the short weeks spent tossed in the land mass of China as capable of giving her (or them) an eternally valid picture, when all round them was change and mutability; refused to regard the present she saw in 1955 as irrevocable, but viewed it in its total reality as a fluid and labile transition from stage to stage, or, in her words, "a step in the long, long march of the Chinese people towards their own future." We are no longer asked to praise or to condemn; we can begin to try to understand. We can begin to see the enigma of China as Miss de Beauvoir wishes us to see it, "not only a political entity, an idea to dissect, but as a bone and flesh reality that we must attempt to decipher."

If for no other reason, this makes her book an outstanding achievement, a landmark upon the long and arduous road that China has to go, a landmark to be remembered and recalled when the more brilliant, more emotionally poignant, but less painstaking records of others will have been forgotten.

This is not to say that the book is without its faults. Simone de Beauvoir herself says, "It is not sufficient to describe, one must explain." And explain she does, every inch of the way, copiously, meticulously, giving the past as background, relating the motives, enumerating the intentions, as well as what she could glean of the results. That she occasionally sounds ingenuous is not her fault; it is another homage to her integrity, to the exact reproduction of what she has been told, as well as to what she believes. Simone de Beauvoir does not speak Chinese and therefore many of the explanations came from people who were there to explain. The charge will be laid that these people were "Communists," and therefore incapable of telling the truth.

I personally have had long acquaintance, dating back to schooldays, with men and women who are now "Communists" in the Chinese government, and I do not believe that a Communist tells *more* lies than does any other kind of official. There is, in fact, an outstanding tendency in Peking to try to tell the truth, painstakingly and punctiliously. I therefore do not question the statements made, nor the *intentions* which Miss de Beauvoir explains with such care; but from my own experience, after two visits to China, I will say that in certain cases Miss de Beauvoir has shown herself more optimistic than her hosts. In her passionate yet reasonable search for accuracy

—*Elliot Erwitt.*

"It is not true that a Chinese village is more comfortable and richer than a village in France; what is extraordinary about it is the progress it represents over the villages of the past . . . It is naïve to be overawed by the fact that the Archbishop of Peking openly approves of the regime; if he didn't he'd lose his miter tomorrow. This rapturous enthusiasm offends me not only through the errors it leads to but because China deserves to be seen for what she is; you will sell her efforts short if you do not recognize the difficulties they involve . . . This moment in China's history is stirring precisely because of the as yet incomplete character of the victories she has won . . ."

—*From* "The Long March."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and reality, Miss de Beauvoir has given us a many-faceted picture of the Chinese scene as she encountered it but the weakest section is that dealing with Chinese intellectuals. There, Miss de Beauvoir, like Mr. Sartre, has been carried away by overleaping enthusiasm. Although it is gratifying to find someone who does not share the predilection of European writers for "oppressed Asian intellectuals," yet all is not as Miss de Beauvoir believes or relates. The word "intellectual" arouses in European breasts an emotion which no other class word does; and the events of the Hungarian revolution, and subsequently the rightist purge in China in 1957, have been lumped together by many people who feel that any liberalism there might have been in China has now been thoroughly stifled. In reality it is not so; I was in China at the height of the rightist purge in 1957 and was able to judge how little terror there was, even if rightist intellectuals *were* being thrown out of the party, told to reform their ideas, or lost their jobs. One of these intellectuals, who was undergoing "rectification" at the time, told me happily, "Don't you see, it's just a question of ideas, no one is going to be *killed* this time, so we're not really worried." This light-hearted view, however, does not obviate the fact that the intellectual has been and still remains a "problem" to the Chinese Communist state, an open dilemma; and it is misleading to pretend that all is well with the intellectuals, just as misleading as to pretend that the Chinese purge duplicates the Hungarian events.

Far be it from me to manufacture atrocity stories because one famous writer, Ting Ling, whom Miss de Beauvoir mentions in her book, has since been denounced as rightist and cast out of the Communist Party. Miss Ting Ling owns two houses in China (one by the seaside) and a great amount of money (there is no income tax in China, writers get 15 per cent royalties on their books, and publications run into hundreds of thousands there). She will lose none of these material gains, although I do not know whether she, and other recalcitrant intellectuals, may not undergo a certain period of labor reform, be sent to a farm to do manual work in order to "clean up" their ideas. If such be their fate, it does not disconcert me, nor must it worry Miss de Beauvoir; for in the good old days of the Nationalist Government they would have been shot out of hand, and even as recently as 1955, when Miss de Beauvoir visited China, the chances of their being shot as counterrevolutionaries were infinitely greater than they are now, in 1958. The Chinese revolution is getting more gentle and more reasonable. Whatever Americans may think, it has tried *not* to kill unduly, but it is openly acknowledged in Peking that "mistakes" have occurred, people have been shot as counterrevolutionaries who were innocent. Whatever the cost, I must repeat that it is not true that the intellectuals are as happy or the writers as eager to be "helped" in their writing as Miss de Beauvoir has described.

Miss de Beauvoir's book teaches us not to be dogmatic about China, but to expect change, change, and yet more change; it says repeatedly that what we see and hear today about China is only a passing phase. That is very true; this sensation of going somewhere, of not staying still, is extraordinarily vivid in China. In Peking last year, an ordinary young man on the street, apropos of a new road which seemed to have grown by magic overnight, said to me: "You must never use yesterday's eyes to look at today." It is this entire turning toward the future, a most important feeling, which the West must understand, not only about China, but about the whole of Asia.

I hope that Miss de Beauvoir will return to China and write another book to cover the last three years, and thus take us another step in the long journey which China has started, the long, long march out of hopelessness and misery towards the achievement of a more human world. It is a trek which concerns us all.

Moonlit Ferment

"The Heart of India," by Alexander Campbell *(Knopf. 332 pp. $5), is an informal account of the political, economic, and intellectual ferment in India ten years after independence. Aubrey Menen, our reviewer, is the Anglo-Indian author of a modern prose translation of India's epic "Ramayana."*

By Aubrey Menen

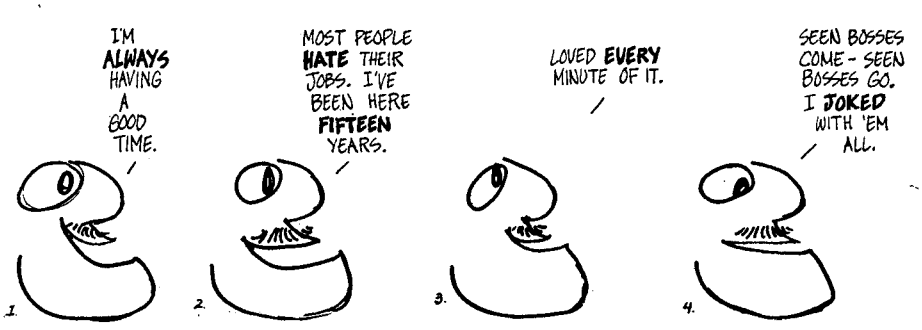
MR. CAMPBELL tells us that in the course of writing this book he lost some of his toenails. He waded through marshy jungle in the pursuit of the truth about Goa, and he kept his shoes on. The unsympathetic reader may ask why he did not take them off. But Mr. Campbell, who is a knowledgeable man, was right. To walk barefoot in India and keep your balance, you have to be an Indian. That is true of doing a great number of things in that difficult country, including writing a good book about India after her first ten years of freedom.

It is just such a book that Mr. Campbell has set out to write. A number of intelligent and articulate Indians are, at the moment, doing the same thing, as I know from my personal experience. It is an urgent subject. India's future has been made to depend on a series of so-called "Five-Year Plans." The second of these plans has utterly failed, and the fault, according to thinking Indians, is due to the men who are in charge of it.

Nehru himself, a man who is much better at saying good things than doing them, has despairingly remarked (as Mr. Campbell observes) that "we are all small men in a big country." The remark is modest enough. The trouble is that Indians are beginning to feel that Nehru, when choosing his collaborators, picks on men of his own size. However that may be, the facts are plain enough. India is rapidly becoming an ill-disciplined, hungry, and

---

FOR FEIFFER FANCIERS: About a year ago Jules Feiffer's cartoon column, **"Sick, Sick, Sick"** became a feature of the Greenwich Village newspaper *The Village Voice.* Since then, twenty-nine-year-old Feiffer has collected an empathic coterie. The Feiffer creations, now in paperback covers (McGraw-Hill, $1.50), are up to the minute, beset with the dilemmas of an untidy age of tranquillizers, psychiatrists, and Organization Men.


I'M ALWAYS HAVING A GOOD TIME.
MOST PEOPLE HATE THEIR JOBS. I'VE BEEN HERE FIFTEEN YEARS.
LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT.
SEEN BOSSES COME - SEEN BOSSES GO. I JOKED WITH 'EM ALL.
1.
2.
3.
4.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bankrupt country, endlessly chivvied by moralizing jacks-in-office, who are capable of preventing a person drinking coffee in Bombay after 11:00 P.M. but powerless to prevent men dying of hunger in the gutters of Calcutta. Meanwhile the Communists have taken over Kerala. They are governing it no better—but no worse.

We shall have to wait for the books that Indians are writing, but meanwhile Mr. Campbell has published first and for that reason alone (and there are many others) his book must be read by everyone who wishes to know, here and now, what contemporary India is like. Mr. Campbell portrays, if briefly, the jacks-in-office; he records the moralizing cant of the politicians; he introduces us to the Communists; he listens to the discontent of thinking Indians, and he records such failures of planning that come his way. He watches Vinoba Bhave come into a village; he attends an official party in New Delhi; he observes a mob receive Nehru, and his reports of these events are vigorously alive. Unfortunately, his comments on them are either lame or frivolous. If India is in an intellectual ferment, Mr. Campbell most decidedly is not. After much labor in Kashmir, he produces the unsurprising thought that there will be a plebiscite there only when India thinks she can win it. He goes all the way to Kerala, and comes back with the opinion that Communism will be absorbed by India and become just another caste. That observation will not be as celebrated as Marie Antoinette's remark about eating cake, but it ought to be.

NOR does Mr. Campbell strive unduly to be original. He gives us large doses of things prescribed for any book on India—fakirs, dissolute rajahs, suttee, child marriage, untouchability, and Anglo-Indians in battered topees. He does not even spare us the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

He can be forgiven: there may yet be people to whom these topics are new. But it is difficult to be patient when Mr. Campbell, with so big a theme, interlards his book with pages of descriptions of the utmost trivialities: his hotel accommodation, the taxis that broke down when he hired them, the number of times his fellow passenger in a train went to the toilet, the high prices he was charged for souvenirs in Kashmir, the "clouds" of mosquitoes that kept him awake, and the other petty irritations that beset a foreigner anywhere, and especially when the climate is hot. For all that, when I closed the book I felt that Mr. Campbell is not an unlikable man. I was sorry that he had lost his toenails; and even sorrier that he had lost his sense of proportion.

Analyzing the Afrikaner

"The Politics of Inequality," by Gwendolen M. Carter *(Praeger. 535 pp. $7.50), is an analysis of the complex race problems within South Africa. John Barkham, who evaluates the study, is a writer, lecturer, and long-time observer of African affairs.*

By John Barkham

ALTHOUGH the outcome of the race struggle in South Africa is of importance to the whole world, it has been left to an American teacher, Professor Carter of Smith College, to set the present situation in that country before us in full and balanced perspective. This reviewer, who has himself written and lectured on the subject for years, has no hesitation in hailing Professor Carter's book as the finest full-scale analysis of the complex South African race problem written inside or outside of South Africa. This may sound like hyperbole, but the fact is that this book cannot be praised too highly for its scope, accuracy, and soundness of judgment. I know I shall make extensive use of it in my own future writings on South Africa.

Some of the writers who comment on South African problems allow themselves to become emotionally involved, with a corresponding distortion of their perspective. Professor Carter resists this temptation and maintains an appropriately objective approach, although it is clear enough where her own sympathies lie. Other interpreters are trapped in the maze of peoples, parties, and problems—each with conflicting issues and outlooks—that make up the South African picture. Professor Carter lived for some time in the country and hence succeeds in avoiding these pitfalls. She seems even to have familiarized herself with the Afrikaans language, or so, at least, her grasp of the (Afrikaner's) viewpoint—and his spelling—would seem to indicate. Here is, in fact, the kind of book a sufficiently well-equipped South African might have written—except that none has yet done so.

Her treatment is properly academic—an expert examination of the country itself, its heterogenous population structure with its accompanying race stresses, its history in brief, followed by a detailed, step-by-step account of events since 1948, when the Nationalist Party first assumed power on its own and introduced its *apartheid* (segregation) policy. It has always been my opinion that no South African government could completely enforce *apartheid* any more than it could unscramble an egg, but Dr. Strijdom's Nationalists are going ahead anyway. As one of their Cabinet spokesmen said threateningly in the recent general election campaign, "We will not only advocate white supremacy—we will demonstrate it."

Their landslide victory with its thundering endorsement of *apartheid* is a further demonstration of the Afrikaner's historic determination to

(*Continued on page* 38)

THAT'S BECAUSE I KNOW HOW TO GET ALONG.
I KID THE OFFICE STAFF. TELL 'EM GAGS ON THE BOSS..
THEY EAT IT UP.
BUT THEN I COOPERATE WITH THE BOSS TOO.
...LIKE I TELL HIM WHO COMES IN LATE AND WHO SPENDS TIME IN THE WASHROOM...
THEY CALL ME MR. SUNSHINE.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Money-Making Music Biz

"The Gold in Tin Pan Alley," by Helen Meyer *(Lippincott. 258 pp. $3.95), traces tune-smithing from "Yankee Doodle" to rock 'n' roll.* Variety *Editor Abel Green, pioneer authority on Tin Pan Alley, wrote one of the earlier books about it, "Inside Stuff on Popular Songwriting."*

By Abel Green

A REAL inside book on the music biz has yet to be written. Helen Meyer's "The Gold in Tin Pan Alley" is a good try. Isaac Goldberg, who did it through the careers of personalities like Gershwin and the Witmarks, or the late Edward B. Marks's memoirs in collaboration with A. J. Liebling, and the sundry books by Dr. Sigmund ("tune detective") Spaeth have also covered the field. Not to mention the recent trends to biographies—by David Ewen, Deems Taylor, and others.

Miss Meyer's book is distinguished by the fact that she had a workaday closeup on the business through her association, for two years, with the Warner Bros. group (Music Publishers Holding Corp.) headed by Herman Starr. To her credit she doesn't applepolish her ex-boss, pointing up a goof when that ruggedly individualistic publisher, vexed at what he felt an inadequate payoff for his stable of firms and such top tunesmiths as Herbert, Porter, Kern, Coward, Gershwin, Romberg, Rodgers walked out on ASCAP. Eventually he returned to the Society.

The author has compressed a lot into her 250 pages, tracing pop songwriting from the pre-Revolutionary patriot Francis Hopkinson ("Yankee Doodle") and William Billings (1746-1800) through Francis Scott Key and up to the 1957 (her timetable) manifestations of rock 'n' roll, payola, a&r (artists & repertoire) execs, chiseling deejays, cut-ins, etc.

Miss Meyer is frankly sentimental and eschews any source credits but it's evident that Ben Bloom, a Tin Pan Alley vet, and the late Mose Gumble—one of the deans of the music business—who gets the "dedication" in an oblique manner—were rich material sources. Her stoppage at 1957 as the "time of writing" explains an actuarial discrepancy or two. There are other lesser errata. A major discrepancy is identifying the late Joseph N. Weber, a past president of the American Federation of Musicians, as the Joe Weber of Weber & Fields.

The book is consistent with its title by putting proper accent on the golden rewards of Tin Pan Alley, and is realistic in appraising the professional songsmith versus the one-shot wonders born of the BMI school. Miss Meyer tries to be middle-road about the ASCAP-BMI hassle but somehow her respect for the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers tends to outweight the balance vis-à-vis Broadcast Music, Inc.

From England's Gilbert & Sullivan and Harrigan & Braham, a lesser-known team, she puts on the record such American pioneer publishers as Root & Cady (wiped out by the Chicago fire, although C. M. Cady continued the business for a spell thereafter), Oliver Ditson, John F. Perry, Harry Coleman (who published Sousa until the march king switched to John Church in Cincinnati), G. Schirmer, Carl Fischer, Woodward, Thomas & Alex Harms (T. B. Harms Co.), Howley, Haviland & Dresser, Charles K. Harris. The twentieth-century legacy of these pioneers included such firm names as Marks, Feist, Shapiro-Bernstein, Von Tilzer, Remick, Dreyfus (Chappell), Mills, Witmark.

In her kaleidescope she traces the music business from its pioneer Bowery and 14th St. zones to 28th St. (between Fifth Ave. and Broadway) —the original Tin Pan Alley—and the euphemism which has lingered into the Brill Bldg. and Radio City environs.

THE evolution of the plug into the payola—bandleaders' cut-ins, the powerful a&r men, the ditto diskery artists, the built-in TV plug (she makes much of "Let Me Go, Lover") —continue the narrative depicting the evolution of the exploitation idiom.

There are some stray nuggets of information, some familiar, some little known. Among the latter might be New York Philharmonic maestro and multiple-threat composer Leonard Bernstein having tried his hand as a pop tunesmith under the *nom-de-guerre* of Lenny Amber; or that Baltimore music store prop. Thomas Carr first arranged Francis Scott Key's poem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," which he had set to an 1814 tune known as "To Anacreon in Heaven," generally credited to one John Stafford Smith.

An 1892 Brooklyn stage electrician, George H. Thomas, is credited with developing the illustrated song slides via "Where Is My Wand'ring Boy Tonight?" out of a legit tearjerker titled "The Old Homestead." For a time music-hall and variety artists paid for their orchestrations just as the nickleodeons paid $5 for the illustrated slides, which developed into good by-product income. Soon the acts were getting their music for free; later they were wooed with gifts and scenery and other devices to insure plugging such certain tunes; and simultaneously the pluggers were playing a "route" of neighborhood movie houses to plus the ill. slides with robust impact designed to generate public enthusiasm. Ballparks, excursion boats, the six-day bike races, Coney Island, picnic grounds—any place and every place where crowds congregated were targets for the pluggers' enthusiasms.

Variety is mentioned in connection with its founder, Sime Silverman's having helped to form the Music Publishers' Protective Assn. John O'Connor, of the paper's staff at the time, sparked the intra-trade body dedicated to policing payola. It soon became evident that it was without teeth to enforce a supposed system of fines for payolas. Miss Meyer also credits *Variety* for coining the payola term itself, also disk jockey and other identifications which have become mass-accepted.

"The Gold in Tin Pan Alley" touches on the affinity between pop music and dance styles, pop music and patriotic causes, pop music and anything having to do with mass moods and mores. From the cakewalk and the vogue of Vernon & Irene Castle right into the tango, maxixe, and later the conventional foxtrot and all the other dance-floor originations, the pop song has been part of the American scene.

The author has organized her book with somewhat whimsical chapter headings. Thus "The Trail" (pioneer days of Tin Pan Alley) leads into "The Road."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Detroit Lion

"Independent Man: The Life of Senator James Couzens," by Harry Barnard *(Scribners. 376 pp. $5.95), is the portrait of a controversial public fighter, the initiator of the Ford Company's famous five-dollar day. Roger Burlingame, who reviews the book, is the author of "Henry Ford" and "Machines That Built America."*

By Roger Burlingame

IT IS heartening these days to read of a man who consistently refused to conform to group thinking, to party dictates, or to business orthodoxy yet was elected and re-elected to public office and was one of the business giants of his generation. Throughout his life James Couzens of Detroit followed his conscience and his private judgment. It meant nothing to him that he was hated, that he was charged with disloyalty, that, notwithstanding his business triumphs, he was branded a "radical" or that he was deserted by those whose success he had helped build.

This biography by Harry Barnard will have plenty of readers in that growing public that is fascinated by he mystery of Henry Ford. Already interest has extended to the men Ford worked with such as the engineering genius Charlie Sorensen, whose story, written with the collaboration of Samuel T. Williamson, appeared more than a year ago. Now we have a searching analysis of the man who developed the business side of the Ford Motor Company and shared in its multimillion profits until disagreement forced Ford and Couzens apart.

In the variegated record that follows that separation, it is easy to see why the two giants failed to get along. From his earliest years in Canada, James Couzens had resented authority. His ambition to become his own boss had been ruthlessly dynamic. When it became evident that this could never happen in the Ford company, the split was inevitable.

After the break, however, Couzens faced what Barnard calls a "climacteric" in his life.

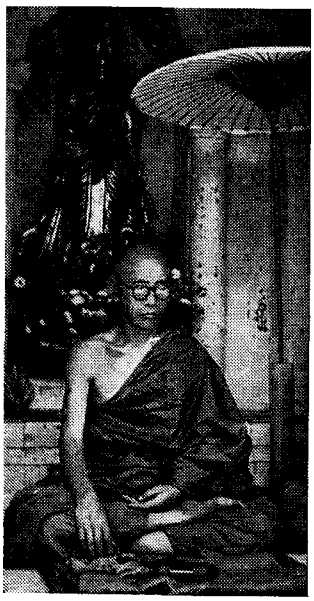
> Until now, his existence had meant the struggle to establish himself economically . . . and now it dawned on him that he had all the money that he wanted . . .
>
> The idea of making more money began to produce in Couzens "a kind of nausea."

No crisis, however, could interrupt the restless urgency of such a man for long. He found his new purpose in public life. Backed by his great wealth such a way out should be easy. But his conscience made it hard. Already with Ford, his authorship of the famous five-dollar day had had its genesis, according to Barnard, in his sympathy with labor. Such solicitude for the underprivileged was thought inconsistent with his wealth when he tried to carry it into public life. As police commissioner of Detroit, he fought the graft that he believed was bleeding the people. Later, as mayor, he fought for public ownership of the street railways and, after some brilliant, and occasionally swashbuckling coups, won against a deeply intrenched private company. It was natural that the charge of "Socialism" should be leveled against him.

As Republican Senator from Michigan he attacked the leaders of his own party whenever his conscience opposed their behavior. He met the rage of Republican yes-men when he challenged the sacrosanct Andrew Mellon. He was in frequent trouble with both Coolidge and Hoover and he committed his final "treason" when he supported Franklin Roosevelt.

In public life he was a fighter who spared no feelings. It was said that ice water instead of blood ran in his veins, yet he was always gentle and affectionate at home and he showed another softer side in his interest in the relief of crippled children.

Mr. Barnard has given a clear and often moving portrait of this strange, contradictory, unliked, and perhaps unlikable fighter. One wishes sometimes that this biographer would tell his story in his own words rather than through documented quotations, but one can hardly quarrel with a stern insistence on authenticity in such an important and exciting book.



In a Buddhist monastery—"... the past is a background."

An Indian girl and a young Cambodian rice-grower—"the vigorous present."

FOR THE SEDENTARY TRAVELER **"South Asia"** (Praeger, $8.50) displays, in Swiss photographer Hans Keusen's vivid pictures, the elaborate and disparate cultures of the East. The photographic tour leads to the ornate pagodas, mosques, and temples that symbolize serene and ageless civilizations. Yet beside the shrines are vigilant soldiers, parading students, and women freed from veils—reminders that for Asia, the past is a background for the vigorous present.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Human Life on Other Planets

"Of Stars and Men: Human Response to an Expanding Universe," by Harlow Shapley *(Beacon Press. 157 pp. $3.50), provides evidence by Harvard's distinguished astronomer that there are living beings on other planets equal to, maybe even superior to man. Our reviewer, Thomas S. Hall, a professor of zoology at Washington University, St. Louis, currently holds a National Science Foundation Fellowship at Yale University.*

By Thomas S. Hall

THIS exciting short book gives the personal answer of an eminent scientist to one of the most provocative of all scientific questions. Is life confined to planet Earth or does it exist in other worlds as well? Harlow Shapley's answer: living beings are scattered abundantly through the universe; some of these, on other planets circling other suns, probably surpass human beings in intellectual capacity. Professor Shapley believes that these conclusions contain an important message for man.

Not all of the conclusions in this little book—whose intellectual dimensions are so large—will be immediately embraced by other scientists. But neither are Professor Shapley's convictions the product of slap-happy speculation. They represent the sober assessment by a respected astronomer of evidence drawn not only from his special field but also from physics, chemistry, geology, biochemistry, biology, and—most important of all—mathematics. This evidence is presented—in language meant for the literate layman—with persuasion, wit, and at times a sort of cosmic poetry.

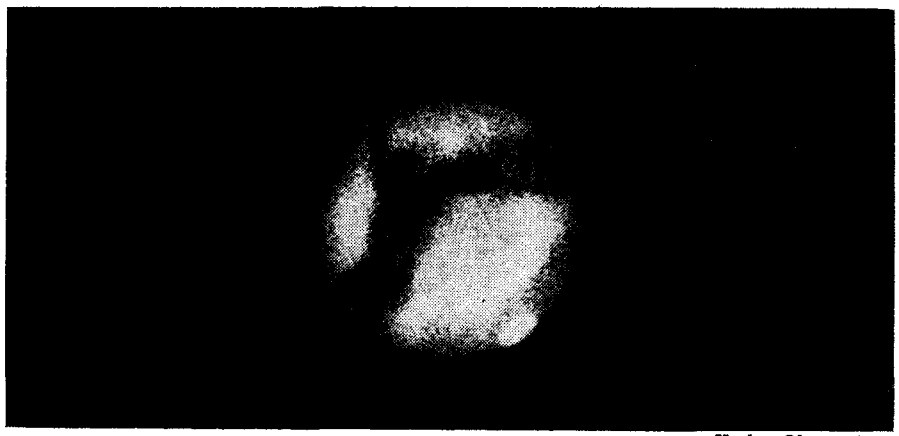
The reader may appreciate advance notification that space travel as such is not mentioned by Professor Shapley. Yet, when one lays the book down at the end, it is with a sense of having made a miraculous voyage through immensities of space and time.

Biologists will agree with Mr. Shapley that life can exist only on cool and crusty planets such as Earth, never on hot and glowing stars such as Earth's sun. Hence, any planet that is to support life must circle its sun at a proper distance to yield a tolerable range of temperatures. To the scientist, moreover, living things are, essentially, very highly organized arrangements of very ordinary elements—elements richly abundant in Earth's crust, its waters, and its atmosphere. This means, of course, that every life-bearing planet must provide the right array of elements for rearrangement into living things.

On how many planets do these conditions really exist? Professor Shapley's answer: on many planets. Certainly on a hundred million, probably on a hundred thousand million, possibly on a hundred million million.

To persuade us that such a profusion of suitable planets is available, Professor Shapley gives an enthralling account of the way in which planets were probably formed. In the beginning all the particles of matter that there were in the whole universe existed squeezed together in a single very crowded mass. Several billion years ago this aboriginal clump of particles—the "primeval atom"—began to come apart. It started to swell outward in an expanding array that is still expanding today. Gradually the whole accumulation divided into increasingly distinct aggregations that were destined to become the galaxies of modern astronomy, each galaxy comprising millions or billions of stars—many with planets circling round. The three or four opposing views of detailed planet formation that need to be taken seriously agree in this important point: the conditions which surrounded and produced planets around the star that is Earth's sun also surrounded, and must also have produced planets around, other stars all through the universe. Many of these other stars have recently been subjected to seemingly reliable chemical analysis. Their chemistry, and hence the chemistry of the planets that presumably circle round them, turns out to be strikingly similar to the chemistry of the solar system.

EVEN if conditions are generally right for life on many other planets, further questions need answering. Under what *detailed* conditions is life actually initiated? How was it started here on Earth? Living things owe their uniqueness to the fact that some of the ordinary atoms they contain are joined together to form extraordinary molecules, "macromolecules," that are much larger and much more elaborate than any formed apart from living things. Recently the Russian biologist A. I. Oparin has made persuasive suggestions concerning the steps by which such macromolecules may first have appeared spontaneously in the waters of the earth. He has likewise suggested how some of these may have become organized to produce the



—Yerkes Observatory.

Mars—". . . existence of other intellects surpassing man's"?

"The new discoveries and developments contribute to the unfolding of a magnificent universe; to be a participant is itself a glory. With our confreres on distant planets; with our fellow animals and plants of land, air, and sea; and with the rocks and waters of all our planetary crusts, and the photons and atoms that make up the stars—with all these we are associated in an existence and an evolution that inspires respect and deep reverence. We cannot escape humility. And as groping scientists and philosophers we are thankful for mysteries still beyond (us)." —"Of Stars and Men."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simplest forms of life. From these simple forms, through the continuing evolution of their constituent macromolecules, all higher forms have since evolved. Professor Shapley's point is simply that what happened so naturally, so inevitably, here on Earth must surely have happened on other planets where similar conditions prevailed, especially since the number of such planets is so reassuringly immense.

Assuming the general suitability of a planet, however, will its waters provide the detailed molecular arrangements that are needed for life to begin? For this to happen certain macromolecules must acquire the power of reproducing themselves and must have just the right molecule environment in which to do so. As to the probability of this, biochemists—who know how exactly the specifications have been drawn—may be less confident than Professor Shapley.

Those who come to admit the probability of life in other worlds may still boggle at the existence of other intellects surpassing man's. Professor Shapley does not suggest that the inhabitants of other planets closely resemble us. But he would have presumptuous man adopt a more modest opinion of his own sentient and rational powers. To this the biologist may well reply that the human mentality is made possible by the human nervous system. The nervous system is the result of more than a billion years of evolution whose products have withstood the tests of chance annihilation and natural selection. For an even roughly analogous mentality to have emerged on another planet presupposes the occurrence there of a roughly analogous stream of molecular events. To gauge the probability of this is beyond our present powers of mathematical analysis. We just don't know.

To the biologist who has observed that evolution has pursued millions of different pathways here on Earth only one of which led to man's mentality, the chance may seem quite slim. To astronomer Shapley, who has watched the star count grow to an accepted minimum of a hundred million million million, the chance seems very good.

Whether or not we agree with its conclusion, "Of Stars and Men" has the salutary effect of disturbing some of our most comfortable preconceptions. As it deserves, this book will be widely read. Most of its readers will be much less inclined than they might otherwise have been to dismiss Professor Shapley's position as inconceivable or impossible; some may stand, with him, convinced.

Heavenly Fun

"Exploring the Distant Stars," by Clyde B. Clason *(Putnam. 384 pp. $5), is a popularized treatment of what is known today concerning astronomy. Dr. John W. Evans, who appraises the book, is director of the Upper Air Research Observatory at Sacramento Peak, New Mexico.*

By Dr. John W. Evans

"EXPLORING the Distant Stars," by Clyde B. Clason, leaves one with a mixture of admiration for a well-organized and exceptionally interesting presentation, and disappointment in its language, which is deliberately that of a sales manager giving a pep talk to the boys, especially in the first half of the book.

If one can overlook this defect, the book is most worth while. Mr. Clason is not a professional astronomer, but he is obviously an enthusiast having fun, and the reviewers may jump in the lake if they don't like it. The range of subject and the sheer quantity of information compressed between two covers, in an understandable and highly interesting fashion, is extraordinary. The material is up to the minute (although there are a few quite minor errors of fact), and the emphasis accurately reflects the problems that are currently uppermost in astronomical research. Beyond the questionable prose, the book has an additional deficiency. No popular book on astronomy should be without photographs. This one is. The new telescopes have produced a crop of photographs of nebulae, galaxies, star clusters, solar outbursts, spectra, etc. far surpassing any that were available ten years ago. Some of them are extraordinarily beautiful, and all are informative. A few of them would have added to the fun.

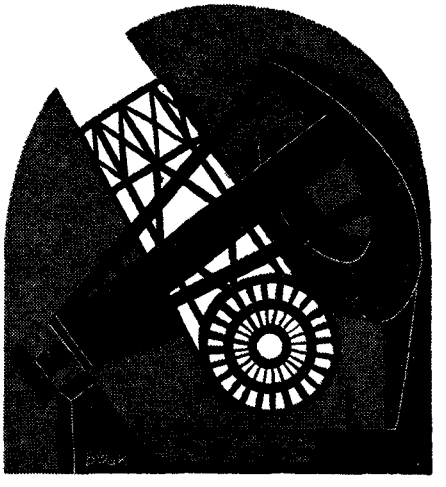
More than most astronomical writers, Clason is rightly convinced that the methods and logic of astronomical research are a legitimate part of astronomy, quite as interesting as the findings they lead to. How can the astronomer know the diameter, mass, temperature, chemical composition, and luminosity of a star so far away that the most powerful telescope shows it only as a shapeless point of light?

How does he determine the distance of a star, a nebula, or a galaxy? How can he measure the mass of our galaxy, when he can see only a tiny fraction of it, or of any other galaxy millions of light years away? These and other questions are clearly explained and correctly related to each other in a section devoted specifically to such matters. They come as a preliminary to the main painting, a lively and imaginative picture of the universe.

Astronomy can be divided conveniently into two divisions, perhaps somewhat artificially. The first is the description of astronomical bodies, such as the densities, temperatures, sizes, and mechanisms of light emission of nebulae, either individually or as a class. The second is the study of the relations between these bodies, their organization in space, their motions, and their interactions on each other.

MR. CLASON does a fine job in both divisions, and ties them together into a unified, clearly drawn whole. He makes free use of simple and vivid analogies, and successfully visualizes space relations, often difficult to picture in terms of large numbers, by the tried and true device of scale models. If the astronomical unit (distance from earth to sun) is one inch, the nearest star is four miles away, and the diameter of our galaxy is 100,000 miles. Or if the astronomical unit is a submicroscopic five-millionths of an inch, the distances of the remotest galaxies within reach of the 200-inch telescope are 100,000 miles. And so on. The last few chapters are devoted to such esoteric aspects of cosmology as the interpretation of the red shift. Is the universe actually expanding or is there another explanation? Here Mr. Clason is frankly uncertain on a number of points, a true reflection of the uncertainties of the astronomers in this frontier field.

In sum, "Exploring the Distant Stars" achieves a happy combination of solid fact and good fun, shared equally by the author and the reader.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

Feature Editor
Peter Ritner

Science Editor
John Lear

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Editorial Production
Dorothy Chadbourn

Editors-at-Large
Harrison Brown
John Mason Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck

Contributing Editors
Cleveland Amory
Henry Hewes
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Contents Copyrighted, 1958, by Saturday Review, Inc.

The Men of the Golden Rule

INEVITABLY, a man is measured by his largest concerns and by what he regards as the ultimate questions. If he is troubled only by what happens to him here and now or in the hereafter, then his measurement is quickly taken and it is not necessary to use the long rule.

But if a man places a high value on life, whatever its accent or station; if he respects a mysterious but real connection between himself and the people who have gone before him and those not yet born, then there are proportions in his measure beyond estimate. In such a man, the gift of awareness has come fully alive. His perceptions are keenest when he looks inward and sees others in himself. He will fix his mind on the things that are more important to him than whether he lives or dies. The ultimate question for him has to do not with his personal immortality but with the immortality of values and meaningful life beyond his own time.

Civilizations must submit to the same measure. No society is smaller than the one that acts as though history does not exist beyond its own time and needs, or that sees no obligation to a later generation. Conversely, a society earns its place in the future by respecting the unclamorous claims of the unborn.

How, then, are we to measure ourselves and our civilization? In using the term "our civilization" we are not limiting it to one nation or one continent. Whatever the razor's edge of our own emphasis on national differences, the species of human life as a whole is now in jeopardy, for the precarious balances which enable life to subsist are now being altered and damaged. The national units involved in the life-and-death rivalries are going far beyond the requirements of mutual total destruction. The invasion of the future has already begun. Day by day, the assault against later generations is growing in size and power. Even if the present tensions do not culminate in a worldwide explosion, the killing poisons now being put into the air and into the genes of human beings will twist and cramp and disfigure later life.

Several men who are unwilling to participate in the tyranny of the present over the future have attempted to stake their lives on their ability to awaken people. They believe that the species of man is a single organism; and so they have no trouble in recognizing and acting on the fact of connection among all men. They believe that people can become aware of the implications of what is happening only as their moral senses can come alive.

These are the men of the *Golden Rule,* a thirty-foot ketch with a sturdy sail and a twenty-four horsepower motor. There are four men in the company. The leader of the group is a former Lieutenant Commander in the United States Navy who is also a former state housing commissioner. The men of the *Golden Rule* set sail some weeks ago for the Eniwetok nuclear proving grounds. It was their object to expose themselves to the effects of the explosions. They put their faith not in the ability of their bodies to withstand the radioactive bullets released by the nuclear experiments but in the power of a universal response the moment the danger became real. The certainty which sustained them was that no force in the world was powerful enough to keep people from seeing the great moral issues involved as soon as these issues became visible and clear. In short, they were betting their lives that the necessary awakening would come not on the level of argument but through the strength of a symbolic offer.

The United States Government has put these men in jail rather than have them proceed to the nuclear proving grounds. But there is no law that is being violated. The United States does not possess the ocean area from which these men are being barred. Nor does it make sense to profess to protect them against themselves: rather, it is we who need the protection they are trying to give us.

If these men are guilty of anything it is of an effort to break down the idea that the individual is forever and tragically separated from large events. They do not satisfy themselves by bemoaning the fact of an insane society bent on altering the conditions on which life depends. Nor do they crave the distinction of belonging to the last generation of man on earth. Hence, they affirm the power of the free will to shape government and to effect historic decisions.

THE men of the *Golden Rule* have been called crackpots; but who among the rest of us can call ourselves sane for sanctioning the action they seek to stop? The men of the *Golden Rule* have been put in jail, but those who have arranged these hideous explosions, with their toll of lives yet uncalculated, will go free. What the men of the *Golden Rule* seek is a simple test of conscience; what the nations seek is a test of devices that can expunge human life —devices that no longer have meaning in military terms. The weapons have nothing to do with victory; what they pulverize is the future of man and with it the things that are as valuable as life itself—justice, the assertion of conscience, freedom to grow, freedom to be.

There is unlimited power in the *Golden Rule.* If we would measure it, we have only to stop shielding ourselves from the symbolic power of what these men are and wish to do.

—N. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In response to widespread demand for his further views on the nuclear threat in the world today, Dr. Albert Schweitzer prepared an extensive analysis of the human crisis today and the danger to future generations. This statement was released in three parts on successive days, April 28, 29, and 30. The full statement, running to approximately 11,000 words, will appear in a special supplement in the next issue of* The Saturday Review.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MAN IN THE GUTTER

IN A TIME as controversial as ours, some "good Americans" have discovered an easy way out for their disgruntled minds and political discontent. They blame all our evils on those who cannot defend themselves because it so happens that they are beyond human reach—in the realm of eternity. FDR is one of their favorite targets, and to besmear his memory is a fashionable sport for these political slanderers.

Freedom of the press is a precious privilege of American democracy, but when it is abused by rowdies it becomes a menace to the moral standing of the nation. A magazine like *SR*, which claims to be a mouthpiece of educated people, should never have printed a letter such as "FDR's Consequences" (*SR* Apr. 26), in which the late President is called an "egotistical bum." It is regrettable that you open your columns to the man in the gutter.

RALPH SANFORD, PH.D.
Forest Hills, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Sanford raises an interesting question; and he may be right. The problem of letter-selection is one that we have yet to resolve with any real confidence. We try to provide some reflection of the content of our mailbag; we try not to criticize or hold back. Sometimes, as in the case of the letter referred to by Dr. Sanford, we feel obliged to pass along an extreme viewpoint which may be profoundly distasteful, but which throws some light on the range of opinion touched off by* SR *articles. As we say, we are still groping for an infallible letter-policy.*

PEOPLE AND GANGSTERS

FOR YEARS I have admired Sinclair's beautiful public-interest advertisements. They convince me that Reynolds Girdler is a smart man. So does his "The Businessman: Hero or Scapegoat?" (*SR* Apr. 19). Yet I feel that he omits the main reason why the leaders of American business are held in such low esteem. In big business an executive is neither an owner nor a true professional. He gets his job by finding favor with the executives above him—often by means of the polished apple. His ability to sell himself is sometimes his only outstanding talent. His goal in life is to become one of the gang that runs the company. The gang cannot be thrown out by the stockholders unless it is fantastically incompetent.

No public-relations program can make people respect gangsters. Our breed may be more efficient than those in the Kremlin, but not by much. Moreover, big business has its own economic slaves, and its own Siberias. The executives of big business have the legal right to run the giant dictatorships they have seized, but is their absolute power in the public interest? Facing competition from Russia, oughtn't we try to be as efficient as possible? One device might be annual review by firms of management consultants. If the managers of big business had to obtain an outside stamp of approval, they would evolve into a type deserving of the respect they crave.

EDWARD L. GORDY.
Evanston, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Oh, go ahead! What have you got to lose?"

SCRAP THAT THEME

ORCHIDS FOR GIRDLER, and apologies. I shall ask all my friends to apologize, too. I thought it was enough merely to grin. I know better now. And I'm sorry. The businessman is not a glutton, nor is he a thief. He is a hero or a scapegoat, perhaps a little something of both. Poets, historians, philosophers, you persecute him baselessly. History, too, damn you, wrong, all wrong. Of monarchs, politicians, artists, even some old soldiers (deceased), you tell true. But of the businessman, alas. You denounce a poor hungry child for stuffing his mouth.

Writers, scrap that cynical theme. File that cutting edge. Pull the shades against the light and, in the name of Truth, speak to us of money.

ROBERT P. JOHNSON.
Janesville, Minn.

FAIR PRESENTATION

I HAVE BEEN a subscriber to *SR* for a number of years, because I believe it to be one of the few truly honest and stimulating publications left, and because I believe it to be basically liberal in principle. For this reason I was profoundly shocked at the assignment of Paul Blanshard's book to George N. Shuster (*SR* Apr. 19). A more perfect example of the kind of emotional, bigoted Catholic reaction that Mr. Blanshard illustrated would be hard to find. Such an attack might very well help the book, rather than hurt it, but one would think that, in a responsible publication, Mr. Blanshard's arguments merit at least a fair presentation.

ROBERT C. LECHNER.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHURCH-STATE SEPARATION

I NOTICE THAT George N. Shuster's article is not called a review. The prefatorial statement is that the book's significance is "weighed." I question Mr. Shuster's judicial powers for such a task. He deliberately misrepresented the subject and purpose of the book by making petulant comments on certain details with interpretations entirely foreign to those of the author. The book has one purpose: to assure the continuance of the policy of the separation of Church and State.

JEAN RITCHIE.
San Francisco, Calif.

WOULD HE?

EDMUND FULLER ("The Writer and the Clinic," *SR* Apr. 26) is judging literary efforts on moral grounds—a dubious business. In effect, he argues that truth must be both beautiful and good as well. But will he accept esthetic and logical restrictions on morals? Picasso, on encountering Mr. Fuller bending to assist an old woman across a street, might condemn Mr. Fuller's posture as esthetically offensive and ask him to desist. Would he comply?

DAVID L. NORTON.
St. Louis, Mo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MASTERWORKS LIBRARY

Collected works of the world's greatest writers. These handsomely bound, uniformly sized books average 500 pages each; they are printed in clear, easily readable type, and contain (except where noted) *complete* texts of the outstanding novels, plays, poems and essays that make up our literary and cultural heritage.

EACH VOLUME, ONLY 1.00

5867. CARLYLE. Two great works complete, *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero Worship*, plus three other major essays by this Victorian giant famed for his dynamic writings.

5868. COOPER. Two complete novels, *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Spy*, classic adventure tales set against the background of the early days of our country.

5869. DEFOE. Both parts of *Robinson Crusoe*, the greatest of all shipwreck adventures. And *A Journal of the Plague Year*, considered more fascinating than Pepys.

5870. DICKENS. Three major works complete, *A Tale of Two Cities*, the Christmas tale *Cricket on the Hearth*, and *American Notes*, the fascinating record of a trip to the U.S.

5871. EMERSON. The famous *Essays*, First and Second Series, complete, plus his important writings on *Nature, Conduct of Life, English Traits*.

5872. FLAUBERT. Three complete novels, *Madame Bovary, Salammbo* and *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, by one of the greatest stylists and most influential writers in French literature.

5873. HAWTHORNE. Both *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, complete, plus the best of the *Twice-Told Tales*, including *The Great Stone Face*.

5874. IBSEN. *Peer Gynt, A Doll's House* and seven other plays, all complete, that form the very cornerstone of the modern drama; some of the most influential plays ever written.

5875. IRVING. Knickerbocker's *History of New York* and *The Alhambra*, complete, plus selections from *The Sketch Book*, including *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

5876. PLATO. The most famous dialogues of the great Greek philosopher; *The Republic* and *Symposium* complete, plus full texts or important passages of many others.

5877. POE. The best of the famous tales and poems, including *The Raven, The Bells, Annabel Lee, The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, etc., 100 selections in all.

5878. SCOTT. The complete novel *Rob Roy*, plus his most popular songs and poems, including *Lochinvar, The Lady of the Lake* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

5879. SHAKESPEARE. Fourteen favorite plays, including *Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, The Tempest*, each with an introduction, plus all 154 Sonnets.

5880. STEVENSON. All three of his greatest novels complete, *Treasure Island, Kidnapped* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, plus* the *New Arabian Nights* and five other thrilling stories.

5881. THACKERAY. Famous essays, *The Four Georges* and *London Travels* and *Sketches*, plus the complete novel *Henry Esmond*, a masterpiece of vivid historical fiction.

5882. TURGENEV. Two complete novels, *Fathers and Sons* and *Smoke*, and nine of the best short stories of this great writer who is one of the three giants of Russian literature.

5883. VOLTAIRE. *Candide* and all the other Romances complete, plus his witty *Dialogues* and *Philosophic Criticisms*, in all more than 25 of his most important writings.

5884. WILDE. The complete novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, five great plays, including *Salome* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and his best known poems, essays and fairy tales.

5885. ZOLA. Seven stories and a complete novel, *Nana;* compelling glimpses of life in the raw that are world famous examples of the Naturalistic school of writing.

5537. THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. By Feodor Dostoyevsky. A handsome permanent edition for your library of one of the enduring masterpieces of literature. A great novelist's revelation of the summits and depths of the human spirit, written with compassion and unequalled psychological insight. 877 pages. *Special* **1.98**

P-223. JAPANESE GEISHAS. A pair of "pillar paintings" portraying a charming trio. Their exquisite kimonos—resplendent with gorgeous indigos, purple, blue, dull-gold grays, yellow, sienna and charcoal blacks—indicate that they are geishas from the Gay Quarter of Edo. An unknown 18th century Japanese master depicted each graceful fold of Kimono, each precise swirl of hairdress, and the almost porcelain-like fragility of the rose-tinted faces. A famous printer has reproduced every nuance of tone and line by collotype, including the linen texture of the original backgrounds. Each panel-shaped print measures 40¼" high x 16¾" wide.
Pub. at $30.00. *The pair, only* **1.98**

5783. EGYPTIAN MAGIC. By Sir Wallis Budge. An elaborate magic ritual played the main part in the ancient Egyptian religion. This clear, lively exposition of the darker side of the Egyptian religion has never been bettered. Here are selections from the *Book of the Dead*, vivid re-creations of the world of the Egyptian priests, and footnotes on the curious modern survivals of "black" magic.
Pub. at $5.00 *Only* **2.98**

6144. WALTER PATER: Selected Works. Ed. by Richard Aldington. A rich and varied omnibus volume that introduces (or re-introduces) the reader to *The Renaissance, Marius the Epicurean* and other writings dedicated to the enjoyment of life with intelligence, sensibility and knowledge. Here is the best of Pater, the most fastidious aesthete of his time, in one 557-page volume that is a distinguished addition to any library. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.49**

5650. Frazer's GOLDEN BOUGH. The standard one-volume edition, prepared by Sir James G. Frazer from his monumental 12-volume work, of this world famous study in magic and religion. Based on remarkably broad and reliable knowledge and written with fine literary skill, it traces many myths and rites to the prehistoric beginnings of agriculture. 880 pp. Reprint edition **3.95**

5855. EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE. By Rudolph Anthes. Here are 48 magnificent full-page plates, printed in gravure by expert European craftsmen, that capture fully the splendor of ancient Egyptian sculpture, both in relief and in the round. German text. 8" x 11". *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.49**

5856. GREEK SCULPTURE. By W. Schuchhardt. A volume of 48 full-page plates, printed in gravure by expert European craftsmen, breath-taking in their clarity, that glowingly reveal the glory that was Greece as embodied in her sculpture. German text. 8" x 11". *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.49**

6326. Colette—CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL. This extraordinary book, reflecting Colette's passionate love for animals, is certainly the best of her works to introduce her to American readers. The simplicity and beauty of her imaginary conversations are indescribably captivating. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.98**

FABULOUS BOOKS & PRINTS FROM OUR ENORMOUS NEW BOOK BARGAIN WAREHOUSE

(So big that it holds a million treasured volumes!)

Marboro's SA

5892. THE YELLOW BOOK. Ed. by Norman Denny. Selections from the most notorious publication of the Nineties by Beerbohm, Bennett, James, Yeats, Dowson, etc. and 37 illustrations by Beardsley, Sargent, Beerbohm, Rothenstein, etc.
Pub. at $5.00. *Only* **1.00**

6263. CHINESE ART. A concise and lucid survey of painting, sculpture, ceramics, textiles, bronzes and the minor arts of China, by such eminent authorities as Roger Fry, Laurence Binyon, Bernard Rackham and others. Many of the masterpieces illustrated in the 23 full color and 64 monochrome plates have never before been reproduced. 10½" x 7".
Pub. at $7.50. *Only* **2.98**

5806. OLD EUROPEAN CITIES. Here are twenty-four 16th-century city maps and texts from the *Civitates Orbis Terrarum* of Georg Braun and Franz Hogenberg, with an interpretation by Arthur Hibbert and a description by Ruthardt Oehme of early map-making techniques. Each map covers a double-spread and is printed in its original colors. 5½" x 8½".
Special **1.49**

5536. LOVE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By Bengt Danielsson, anthropologist on the Kon-Tiki voyage. A complete, accurate, frankly written account of the family and sex life of the Polynesians, that deals with *sex instruction, marriage customs, sexual freedom* and prohibitions, attitudes toward nudity, abortion and virginity, and the basic concepts of a people to whom the sexual act is as natural as eating and drinking. *Photos. Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

5957. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. By Francis Jourdain. The desirable "Tisne" edition imported from Paris, containing a splendid gallery of 128 gravure reproductions, including 24 tip-on plates in full color of Lautrec's most famous works. Noted art savant Francis Jourdain has contributed a definitive essay on the artist and Jean Adhemar has compiled a complete catalogue of Lautrec's art. Text in French. 8⅝" x 10¼". *Orig. pub. at $14.95.* *Only* **4.88**

6174. LEONARDO DA VINCI and His School. By Adolphe Venturi. One of the excellent Rombaldi Editions, with 112 full-page gravure plates of masterworks by Da Vinci, Rubens, Boltraffio, De Sesto and others, and a 40-page historical and critical introduction. Printed in Paris. Italian text. 9" x 9⅞".
Pub. at $6.50. *Only* **2.98**

5794. NATURE IN SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY. By Robert Speaight. Whether as Divine Law or as primitive force, voice of conscience or seat of sin, the many distinct aspects of nature are here traced through Shakespeare's greatest plays, with the Bard treated not as a philosopher but as a thinking poet and a man rich in experiences. *Special* **1.49**

5857. THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES. By Willibald Sauerlander. In 48 strikingly beautiful plates, printed in gravure by expert European craftsmen, here is the magnificence of Chartres, the finest example of Gothic architecture known. German text. 8" x 11". *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.49**

6331. KING JESUS. By Robert Graves. The author has summoned his superb narrative powers, scholarship, prose mastery, wit—and his unparalleled ability to re-create the past—to produce a magnificent portrayal of Christ's life on Earth, with all its tragic power and poetry. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

6135. THE COLUMBUS ATLAS. By John Bartholomew. Prepared by one of the world's finest cartographers, this new regional atlas of the world contains 160 pages of fully colored maps and an index of nearly 50,000 place names, with populations, keyed to the maps. All the plates have been handmade by a highly intricate special color process, and their clarity, precision and complete accuracy make this atlas invaluable for everyone wishing to keep up with the complex affairs of today's world. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **5.49**

6409. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN BOOK. By Leslie Bailey. This is the fullest account of *the greatest partnership in the history of entertainment* and of the world-famous operas which it produced. Based upon a wealth of information, much of it newly revealed, and making public for the first time such items as Gilbert's own plot-books, it is a "must" for all Savoyards and lovers of light opera. Included are private correspondences and public notices, and details of writing, casting, staging, rehearsals and first nights. *11 color plates, over 400 illustrations.* Revised edition. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.95**

5073. TRUMAN MEMOIRS. By Harry S. Truman. The history making memoirs of a man who forged some of our era's most momentous decisions, the most important presidential biography ever written. These volumes are a remarkable record of the former President's tumultuous years as the nation's Chief Executive. Two-volume set; almost 1,200 pages!
Pub. at $10.00. *Only* **1.98**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6312. THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA. By Donald Webster Cory. Every aspect of this little-understood life is related and evaluated from a subjective viewpoint in a book packed with hitherto undisclosed information, treating the subject frankly, honestly, and with keen analytical perception. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **2.98**

6402. THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES: A History in Text and Pictures. By Marjorie Farnsworth. *Intro. by Billie Burke Ziegfeld.* A profusely illustrated history of a unique American institution, this book tells the story of the famous Ziegfeld girls, of the great comedians, the many creative artists and, of course, of the master showman himself, uniting it all in a nostalgic recreation of the greatest era in American show business. 8" x 10¼". *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **2.98**

5859. THE ENGINEERING PROFESSION. By Theodore J. Hoover & John C. Lounsbury. Revised edition of a standard work that explains who is an engineer, defines engineering, describes the nature and character of the field and discusses salaries. "Everybody interested in the engineering profession should have a copy of this book."—*The Professional Engineer.* Charts & diagrams, 486 pp. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

6307. THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF AMBROSE BIERCE. Ed. and introduced by Clifton Fadiman. The strange tales and epigrams of the fantastic American writer, "Bitter Bierce," whose tone and style are unique among writers of his or any time. 810 pp. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

5946. The Notebooks of SIMONE WEIL. Filled with ideas and thoughts on many subjects which occupied the author, these Notebooks were compiled towards the end of her life, undoubtedly as basic material for a number of books—notably one on Folklore—that she planned to write. They reveal to us the intimate workings of a mind still elaborating for itself its own criteria, enabling us to catch thoughts in their nascent, incandescent stage. Two volumes. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Both vols. only* **3.88**

6335. THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT: A Victorian Mystery. By Douglas Woodruff. The most extraordinary case of impersonation in history. Arthur Orton, the son of a Wapping butcher, tried to pass himself off as someone whom he had never met or seen, Sir Roger Tichborne, a missing heir. His trial was the sensation of Victorian England. Illus. 479 pp. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

6251. THREE SHORT NOVELS OF COLETTE. "Colette's description of the actual physical manifestations of a love affair makes Lady Chatterley seem one-dimensional—*N. Y. Times.* Three complete novels: *Gigi, Chance Acquaintances, Julie de Carneilhan.* Illus. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

6404. AMERICAN WINE COOKBOOK. By Ted Hatch. An expert cook and authority on food here remedies a major omission in American cooking—how to get the most delicious use out of our abundant, inexpensive and delightful wines. Introductory material and more than 700 tested recipes employing wines. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

5724. The Chinese Decameron—CHIN P'ING MEI: The Adventurous History of Hsi Men and His Six Wives. Intro. by Arthur Waley. A Chinese classic for four centuries, this picaresque, lively account of the amorous adventures of the redoubtable, hard-drinking Hsi Men remains a literary masterpiece of great vitality. Though it was looked upon as forbidden literature for many years, because of its delightfully frank treatment of the hero's encounters with the fair sex, it is really a highly moral tale, as well as an intensely human one. 863 pp. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

6406. A Pictorial History of BURLESQUE. By Bernard Sobel. Here in lively text and a wealth of pictures is the history of burlesque from Aristophanes to Minsky, from Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes, who delightfully shocked N. Y. in the 1860's, to Gipsy Rose Lee and Margie Hart. Here too are Bobby Clark, Smith and Dale, W. C. Fields and the other great comedians who graduated from burlesque. This is a treasure house of facts and figures (of more than one kind) that recaptures all the hurly-burly of a great art form. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **2.98**

5965. MASTERPIECES OF MODERN PAINTING. A portfolio of 19 tip-on color plates printed in Paris. Lautrec's *Jockey,* Cezanne's *Apples,* Dufy's *Opera,* Van Gogh's *Public Garden,* Degas' *Ambassadors,* are among the glowing full-color reproductions. Intro. by Bernard Champigneulle, in French. 10¾" x 14". *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

6178. MICHELANGELO and His School. By Carlo Gamba. 112 full-page gravure plates of works by Michelangelo, Bronzino, Zuccari, Del Piombo and others, and a 47-page critical and historical introduction. A Rombaldi Edition, printed in Paris. Italian text. 9" x 9⅞". *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **2.98**

6421. THE ABE BURROWS SONGBOOK. Hilarious "Typical-Type" songs that parody the pants off popular music, including *The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes;* cartoons by Roberta Macdonald and piano scores for *both hands. Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

5944. James Reynolds—PANORAMA OF AUSTRIA with Glimpses of Bavaria and Switzerland. A splendid addition to Mr. Reynolds' books on *England, Spain and Italy. Here he wanders agreeably through one of Europe's most fabled regions:* Bavaria, the Danube region, Vienna, the Tyrol. A personal guidebook by a most engaging writer and artist, with numerous illustrations by the author. *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

6293. SARTRE — BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Trans. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Available for the first time in English, Jean-Paul Sartre's major opus is a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of the 20th Century. Over 700 pp. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

P-304. UTRILLO: MONTMARTRE STREET SCENES. Portfolio of 8 Parisian scenes in the delicately colored tonalities that have made his moody landscapes collectors' favorites. Each full-color plate measures 16" x 20". Includes—*Montmartre Street, Place de Tertre, The Garden of Montmartre, Rue de Montmartre, Montmartre Corner, Montmartre Scene, Le Lapin Agile* and *Village Road.* *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

5963. Art: FROM INDIA TO CAMBODIA. By Rene Grousset & Jeannine Auboyer. A limited and numbered edition in the noted *Documents D'Art De Monaco* series. The exotic art of these colorful countries is reproduced in a magnificent series of 80 gravure plates and 8 tip-on full-color plates. Painting, sculpture (erotic and religious), architecture, manuscript illumination and the monumental murals at Ajanta are but part of a superb visual history compiled for this volume. French Text. 9¾" x 12⅝". *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.88**

6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. *Originally $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6371. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE: The Making of a Statesman. By J. H. Plumb. The amazing career of a debt-encumbered squire who rose to become 18th Century England's most influential statesman, fascinatingly told against the background of one of England's most absorbingly interesting eras. Illus. *Pub. at $5.50.* *Only* **1.98**

ouse-warming
LE

Imagine owning $10.00 books for as little as $1.98—and $14.95 books for as little as $4.88. Many of these titles are hard to find elsewhere at any price; yet they're yours at savings up to 80% if you order now during Marboro's House-Warming Sale. Naturally the biggest values sell out first. So don't wait. Check the books you want and order fast.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

To Marboro, Dept. S-232, 131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

6413. Life of HILAIRE BELLOC. By Robert Speaight. Written at the request of Belloc's literary executors by the biographer of their choice, based on published and unpublished papers and personal interviews, the fruit of two years of intensive research, this book presents a portrait of a great personality who brought a new sense of the European and Catholic tradition to English life. Many photos. 552 pp. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **2.98**

6405. DEBUSSY: Musician of France. By Victor Seroff. The personal and artistic life of this musical iconoclast, an enigmatic figure whose unconventionality as a musician was paralleled in his life, is here revealed with impressive skill in one of the most thorough studies yet published. This excellent book is, at the same time, a comprehensive guide to the understanding of Debussy's music. Illus. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **2.98**

6280. SARTRE: EXISTENTIALISM AND HUMAN EMOTIONS. Here is the heart of Sartre's philosophy—that man is personally responsible for what he does—that there are no values external to man—that man may therefore choose different values. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.00**

4930. THE SECOND SEX. By Simone de Beauvoir. A masterpiece of documentary writing that is a profound and unique analysis of what it means to be a woman—in body, in mind, in spirit, sexual life, social position, love and marriage. The author employs the resources of biology, psychology, sociology, history, literature and philosophy, to provide a total picture of modern woman. "One of the few great books of our era."—*Philip Wylie.* *Orig. pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

marboro Dept. S-232, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below.

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C.O.D.* Minimum purchase $3.00.

4930 5073 5536 5537 5650 5724 5783 5794 5806 5855 5856 5857 5859 5867
5868 5869 5870 5871 5872 5873 5874 5875 5876 5877 5878 5879 5880 5881
5882 5883 5884 5885 5892 5944 5946 5957 5963 5965 6135 6144 6174 6178
6251 6263 6277 6280 6293 6307 6312 6326 6331 6335 6369 6371 6402 6404
6405 6406 6409 6413 6421 P223 P304

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular

New York City residents add 3% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.
10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP
47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street
56 West 8th Street • 390 Fulton Street (Brooklyn)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • CI 6-4600

"MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR"

Starring

GENE KELLY
NATALIE WOOD

Also Starring

CLAIRE TREVOR
ED WYNN
EVERETT SLOANE
MARTY MILNER
CAROLYN JONES

with GEORGE TOBIAS

Based upon a novel by HERMAN WOUK

Produced by MILTON SPERLING
Directed by IRVING RAPPER
A Warner Bros. Release
In WarnerColor

ON THE GREAT STAGE

"ESPAÑA"

Produced by Leonidoff, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Vocal Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

"THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MUSICAL STAGE THIS SEASON!"
— Atkinson, Times, Dec. 29, 1957

WEST SIDE STORY

A new musical

Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins

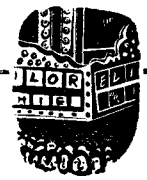
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT CARMEN ALVAREZ

Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by
JEROME ROBBINS

Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Boxes $8.05, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.

WINTER GARDEN 1634 B'way. Cir 5-4878

Tickets Now Available for All Performances



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

My Fair Gigi

WITH "My Fair Lady" still doing SRO business in its several engagements around the country, it would be too much to expect its entrepreneurs to turn their tuneful gold-mine over to the movie companies at this point. We will undoubtedly see a celluloid "Lady" one day; pending that time, however, M-G-M has done the next best thing by commissioning from Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe a musical adaptation of Colette's sparkling novel, **"Gigi."** The pair, sensing what was really wanted, has obliged with a score and libretto redolent of "My Fair Lady." Scene after scene, song after song—even, on occasion, the melodies themselves—have their precise counterparts in the earlier show. Not that this is necessarily a fault. Gilbert and Sullivan discovered a pleasing formula and followed it faithfully without damage to their reputations. And, when you come right down to it, Lerner's nimble recitatives and patter songs, set to Loewe's long, lilting melodic lines, provide as agreeable a pattern as anyone could wish for. Perhaps because we live in an age of phonograph records, juke boxes, and TV shows, however, this over-familiarity does have the effect of removing a bit of the bloom from a peach of a show. And Leslie Caron, gawky and unglamorous in the title role, removes just a bit more.

Despite these limitations, "Gigi" remains a thoroughly engaging, buoyant, and stylish movie. Paris of *la belle époque*, with its opulence, its charm, and special zest for life, affords an exhilaratingly colorful background—and Cecil Beaton, credited with designing not only the costumes and scenery but the production itself, has captured these very qualities in every frame. Mme. Alvarez's sitting room glows in ruby-red cut velvet set off by green fern. Maxim's is dappled with the blue-blacks, blue-whites, and soft yellows of a Renoir. Often flowers provide the color *motif* for an entire setting. And in a manner similar to Joshua Logan's recent "South Pacific"—but ever so much more discreetly—Beaton softens the light during a song or shifts its shadings to create a change in mood. Visually, "Gigi" is one of the most elegant and tasteful musicals that M-G-M has ever turned out.

Nor does it lag too far behind musically, either. Even an imitative Lerner-Loewe score is a good deal richer than the plink-plank-plunk of most tunesmiths. And Colette's tale of the training of a *cocotte* by her doting grandmother, with its wry commentary on the morals of another era, provides a sturdy framework for the eight waltzes, *gallops*, and straight ballads that brighten this telling. Again with the exception of the lead (Betty Wand, substituting for Leslie Caron, is a thin-voiced singer with a patently false French accent), the songs are handled with consummate skill.

Louis Jourdan, sounding for all the world like a Gallic Rex Harrison, displays an unsuspected fund of humor in a spite-filled soliloquy. "She Is *Not* Thinking of Me," as well as an engaging voice in the lushly romantic title song. Maurice Chevalier, Jourdan's worldly-wise *boulevardier* uncle, carries the major vocal assignments with all the exuberance and charm at his command. And Hermione Gingold, as the disreputable Grandma Alvarez, combines a vinegary poise with a sugary singing style that makes her duet with Chevalier, "I Remember It Well," one of the high points of a highly enjoyable show—especially if one can avoid the invidious reflection, "I remember it *too* well."

* * *

Someday there just has to be a picture in which the villain, played by Rod Steiger, makes off with half a million dollars, is pursued into the subway tubes by the police, the hero, and the hero's girl friend—and then when the subway comes along it knocks over police, hero, and girl friend and Steiger goes off to Mexico to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. Until that day, however, I suppose we shall have to make do with films like **"Cry Terror"** (M-G-M) in which crime very pointedly does not pay, but the techniques of both the criminal and the criminal investigators generate considerable excitement right up to the foregone conclusion. In this one, Steiger plays the master-mind of a cold-blooded extortion ring who inveigles James Mason into constructing a pocket-sized bomb, then calls the airlines to warn that the bombs have been hidden aboard their aircraft—and how much it will cost to have him say where. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Moses, When the Lights Went Out

HOW does one go about criticizing a new verse-drama when it is presented as a Broadway stage offering? Although we regretfully realize that often we are sending down the drain better men than we are, most of us insist that verse-plays meet the same test as prose-plays: namely, dramatic effectiveness. There is, of course, a minority which is intoxicated by any play employing rhythmic, highflown language, regardless of its play-function. But the toughminded reviewer cannot be won by verse alone, if the play is badly constructed, if the action repeatedly halts for tangential comment, if the characters degenerate into spouters of unbelievable dialogue.

One especially respects a first-rate poet like T. S. Eliot for learning to meet the demands of the contemporary theatre even at the cost of reducing the stature and portentousness of his verse. One also respects, for different reasons, Christopher Fry, who is a less than a first-rate poet but who has a first-rate sense of humor. Constantly Mr. Fry is tempted into resounding fancies; his work constantly tends toward an orgy of unlikely speeches. But he consistently rescues his lines from pretentiousness with sudden bursts of humor. Thus, he disarms our impatience without yielding to it. In addition, Mr. Fry is a child of the theatre and knows enough about stage requirements to understand that there must be something at stake to hold the audience's interest when a speech drifts into obscurity.

His early play, **"The Firstborn"** (1945), has an immediately apparent "something at stake" in Moses's titanic struggle to force Pharaoh to let his people go. And the passion inherent in that conflict is solidly dramatic. Indeed, the most moving movement in the current American production comes when Moses appears before Pharaoh carrying a dead Jewish boy in his arms and says, "This is your property. Of little value. Shall I bury it in your garden? You need have no anxiety. It will not grow." And the most intellectually provocative idea in the play is contained in Pharaoh's reply. He argues, "Nature is lavish, and in return for being understood, not hoarded, gives us civilization. Would you have the earth never see purple because the Murex dies?"

However, the Biblical story is not Mr. Fry's major interest. What intrigues him is the figure of Pharaoh's son, Rameses, whose position is somewhat analagous to the humanitarian son of a rich and ruthless sweat-shop operator. When God strikes Rameses down with the other Egyptian firstborn, the act gives Moses pause in his mission. For the first time, Moses realizes that his God is not a just God, and is left to complete his job in blindness rather than in light. Fortunately, as Bible readers know, the dark was light enough.

Unfortunately, neither Mr. Fry in his writing nor Anthony Quayle in his direction has in the American production succeeded in making this plot important enough. The personal relationships of the characters never absorb us as much as does Moses's work to free his oppressed people from persecution and slavery. When God inflicts a mass disaster, one individual's suffering is likely to seem overshadowed.

The production does have some rewards for us. Boris Aaronson's use of a straw-colored burlap-textured cyclorama creates the feeling of Egypt's sweltering heat. In front of this, his placement of an Egyptian wall and a Hebrew tent symbolizes the richness and the poverty of the two juxtaposed societies. Tharon Musser has lit these settings in such a way that a new atmosphere is subtly conjured up for each changing mood of the play. And Leonard Bernstein has contributed music which keeps the play alive during the scene-changes.

Katharine Cornell has returned to us in the role of Anath, Moses's adopted mother. Miss Cornell works intensely to create an Anath who no longer deserves Miriam's bitter criticism, "She had a talent for condescension." Also to be observed is this actress's special ability to be feeling a passionate concern for a big event at the same time that she is carrying out with the utmost grace the tiny, trivial functions of daily life. And there is even a scene in which Miss Cornell has the grace to become ungracefully bitter in a tirade against Pharaoh.

Mr. Quayle's Moses is less successful. While his appearance is one of impressive strength and volume, he seems a steadily steaming tea-kettle; we are seldom conscious that Moses is a responsive human being inside whom a variety of emotions are being evoked. Since most of the other parts are underwritten it is best not to discuss them. However, attention should be called to two stand-out performances among the smaller roles. Michael Wager is beautifully cast as Miriam's opportunistic son Shendi, who when made an Egyptian Lieutenant proceeds to outdo the other Egyptian officers in cruelty to his own people. Mr. Wager catches the pathos of Shendi's weakness to give the best performance of his career. And in her first Broadway appearance, Kathleen Widdoes, who plays the young Egyptian princess, displays a quickness, discipline, and sad beauty that stamp her as a future star.

"The Firstborn" is, in short, a respectable piece of work with many memorable lines and images. But it does not sustain theatrical impact for any sizable period of time.

PERHAPS the ill-fated production of **"Jane Eyre"** will serve a useful purpose. It should demonstrate for once and all the obsolescence of the theatre of literal pictorial illusion, and stimulate theatre owners into building playhouses which do away with the old picture-frame stage. For Huntington Hartford has adapted Charlotte Bronte's novel into something that would have been the talk of the town in 1910. It features a rainstorm with real water, a fire with smoke and red lights, and a mysterious stranger who emerges from a forbidden room apparently bleeding real blood. And these effects are wedded to a romantic tale in which the good orphan girl marries the man above her station.

As Rochester, Eric Portman gives as good a performance as one could expect from any but a great actor. He begins as a surly villain, winds up as a lovable romantic, and makes it believable within the same characterization. Jan Brooks is the epitome of passive goodness as Jane Eyre; she spends a great deal of the time dropping her head and submitting to humiliations by Rochester. However, when she does get the opportunity to speak freely there is no great reservoir of pent-up emotion to release.

Ben Edwards's set is an excellent phantasmagoria of the deliberate dinginess which early English architects inflicted on so many family estates. But despite all the careful work, there is nothing between the play's spectacular moments except dead air.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freighter Voyages

Travel leisurely and comfortably.

Delight in the fascinating life of the sea without crowds or starched formality. Make your trip abroad one of adventure and romance.

Travel by modern spotless freighters.

Plan a freighter voyage to the exotic Far East. Visit the Philippine Islands, shop in Hongkong and Japan or cruise southward to romantic Brazil and the Argentine.

Enjoy luxurious single and double cabins all with private bath or showers. Sunny broad decks. Cheerful lounges. Superb food.

For genuine satisfaction, nothing equals freighter travel. Enjoy the best.

PHILIPPINE NATIONAL LINES—Philippine Service with a smile.

IVARAN LINES—True Norwegian hospitality.

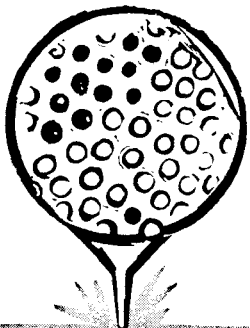
New York via the Panama Canal and Los Angeles. San Francisco to Manila, Hongkong and Japan.

IVARAN LINES—Freighter yachts New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

See your travel agent or write

Stockard Steamship Corp.
17 Battery Place
New York 4, N. Y.

GOLF
on five beautiful courses in
BERMUDA



FREE
New full-colour Bermuda Brochure and vacation kit. Mail coupon today!

The Bermuda Trade Development Board,
Dept. SR-85, 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

Please send Bermuda vacation kit to:

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

TV AND RADIO

Milwaukee Debates

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THERE are not nearly enough TV panel programs that permit real discussion on controversial subjects. But not in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Here, in the home of the Braves, a brave little panel program called "Milwaukee Reports" is making television history. It calls itself "the only partisan panel program in the country"—and leaves no camera unturned to prove it. It would rather start an argument than find a sponsor. In fact, it has turned down three would-be sponsors because it prefers to be free to present uninhibited controversy.

A local, live, half-hour program seen every Saturday afternoon, "Milwaukee Reports" is produced by the WXIX department of public affairs in cooperation with the Milwaukee Junior Bar Association. The program takes no chances of missing out on a good fight. It invites the most important and controversial figures in the nation to be its guests. Then, just to make sure they get into an argument, it deliberately chooses as panelists local citizens whose political, economic, and social views are diametrically opposed to those of the guests. (National Democratic Chairman Paul Butler faced four Republicans.) The guest is warned in advance that he will face an unfriendly panel. And the panelists are picked as soon as the guest accepts, so they will have as much time as possible to load up on ammunition.

Despite these requirements for hardihood, "Milwaukee Reports" boasts such headline-making guests as former-President Harry S. Truman, Vice President Richard M. Nixon, U. S. Senators (the late) Joseph McCarthy, Wayne Morse, William Proxmire, and Estes Kefauver, Governors Mennen Williams, Vernon Thomson, and Averell Harriman, and such opposites as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Clarence Manion.

Truman furnished the most fireworks. In an historic appearance on September 3, 1956, he commented candidly on Yalta, China, Alger Hiss, Korea, MacArthur, and the Presidential election. He also got into a hot debate with panelist Anthony T. Bouscaren, former chairman of Marquette University's political-science department. At one point in the argument Truman snapped:

"You read your history a little bit."

"I've read it," Bouscaren snapped back.

"Very badly," replied Truman.

Such sharp retorts on "Milwaukee Reports" not only are fully covered by the Milwaukee newspapers and wire services, but frequently make headlines in the nation's major newspapers. The entire transcript of the Truman program was printed by *U.S. News and World Report.*

"We take pride in the fact that we make news, not re-hash news," says Warren V. Bush, WXIX's public affairs director, who also is the program's producer. "We're dedicated to a partisan examination of outstanding public figures."

The show has no difficulty finding panelists, most of which are members of the Junior Bar. Says Donald S. Buzard, chairman of its TV committee:

"What lawyer wouldn't be thrilled to get Harry Truman on the witness stand—where he has to answer! Some of the boys just can't wait to get another chance to practise their courtroom technique on Mennen Williams (Michigan governor) and Wayne Morse (Oregon Senator) when they return. They had quite a go at it the first time."

THE set for the show is not unlike a courtroom.

"Controversy is dramatic," Bush explains, "and we stage the show to take advantage of it. The guest is practically isolated from moderator and panelists. He has nothing to lean on—no desk, no props. Just a chair—and that's slightly raised, like a witness stand. We use no gimmicks, just closeups and extreme closeups. Sometimes the cameras cut so fast from one person to another that we catch him with his mouth open. The accent is on what is being said."

Bush wanted for moderator a man who would not be looked upon as a commentator. He chose Adolph A. Suppan, English instructor on the University of Wisconsin's Milwaukee campus. So far Suppan's classroom charm has kept the debaters in hand. "It's a wonderful opportunity to get out of the academic ivory towers," says he. "But one thing amazes me. Whenever we have a political figure on the show he will never admit that he is wrong—or that his party is wrong."

—DON DORNBROOK,
TV Editor, Milwaukee Journal.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Fair at Brussels—II

AT A press conference just before the Brussels Exposition opened, held on a balcony looking down the long hall of the Russian Pavilion, over the cabbage patches of machinery to the great statue of Lenin, the Soviet high commissioner to the fair was asked if many Soviet tourists were expected to come to Brussels this summer. Speaking through two interpreters, who dispatched their answers over hand-held battery-operated loudspeakers of the type used by beachmasters in World War II landing operations, the high commissioner said he had hoped many would come, but in view of the increase of prices in Belgium the number now would be sharply curtailed.

When the long question and jousting period was over, the representatives of the world press were invited to caviar and vodka refreshments. It was perhaps the first and certainly the last time these delicacies were to be dispensed free, for on the following day the Soviet restaurant became in itself a near madhouse. One could only assume that the crowd will thin considerably, especially if vodka and caviar are the main attraction. A party of five who survived the first rush at the Russian restaurant were rewarded with a bill of $62, and a party of six left a whopping $82 for lunch. Three friends who decided to eat a progressive dinner starting with caviar at the Russian pavilion found their first check, without vodka, came to over $12. The irony of the Soviet fair director's statement, of course, is that the few Russian tourists who do brave the Brussels prices will not be able to afford to eat in their own country's dining room.

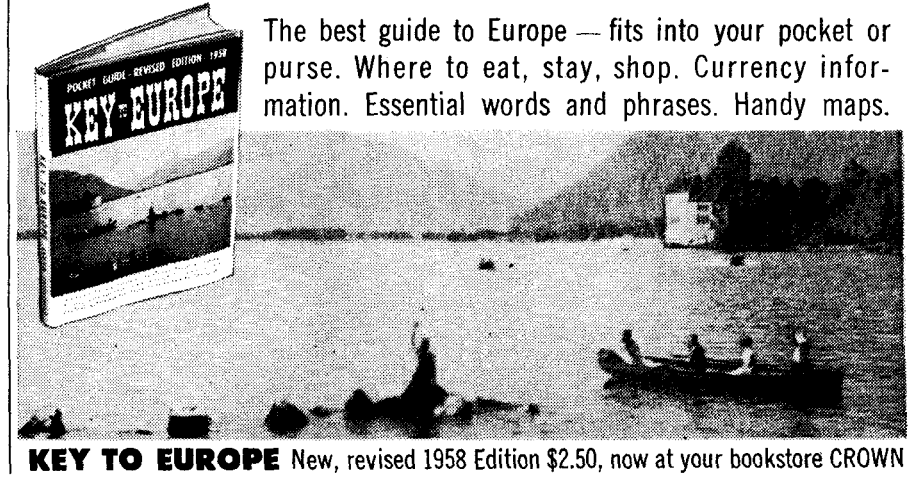
The word was already out before the Fair was a few days old that the best eating places were the restaurants appended to the Hungarian and Czech exhibits. The Hungarians had hung out a green neon shingle that caught the eye of the stream of passersby who coursed along the U.S. plaza. The food was excellent, relatively inexpensive, and in the first days, anyway, it was an hour's wait to get in. The Czechs offered a fountain of Pilsener beer, excellent lunches at $1.50, and an unlooked-for attraction in the cellar. There they operated a common washroom for men and women with two white-coated lady attendants on hand, one selling tickets and the other ushering people to their proper places. Men were charged one Belgian franc, women two francs, and the Czechs were doing a rushing business in curiosity seekers.

Despite competition from such unexpected sources, and notwithstanding the early notices about their own price scale, the Russians seemed determined to tell the world that the Soviet Union was a land of bountiful achievement where, in the summertime, at any rate, the livin' was easy. The first issue of the weekly Russian fair newspaper, which is called *Sputnik*, carried an article under the byline of the Soviet chef at the fair which tempted the visitor to the Soviet restaurant with Georgian broiled mutton shashlyks, baby sturgeon in champagne, and suckling pig roasted with buckwheat porridge. "We have brought with us," the chef declared, "650 tons of different foodstuffs and nineteen freight cars of wine and beers . . . Siberia has sent its finest game: pheasants, partridges, quail, mountain cock, and 10,000 grouse. . . . And don't forget the ice cream! On the flat roof of the cinema next to the Soviet Pavilion is our ice cream parlour with accommodations for 340 . . ."

THE Russians who buy ice cream from outdoor vendors in the middle of a Russian winter, and who seem prepared soon to clarify the enigma of just who invented the delicacy, are liable to get little competition from our own soda fountain in the U.S. Pavilion across the street. It seats a mere handful, charges forty cents for a soda, fifty cents for a sundae, sixty cents for a milkshake, plus 15 per cent automatic tip. Like the American restaurant, which is a coffee shop, the American soda fountain is run by the Brass Rail, a restaurant chain that made its original reputation on hot sandwiches and cheese cake. While we may be vanquished in the ice-cream department—and there is no chance of rushing in such counter battery-fire as a twenty-eight-flavor Howard Johnson's—the Brass Rail did seek a surprise attack by attempting to bring up a genuine Yankee Doodle popcorn machine. Alas, the term "popcorn" had been registered by some shrewd Belgian possessed of twenty-twenty foresight, and this worthy stated he would exact a royalty for every kernel popped for profit under that title. We withdrew our cornpoppers, out of range of the Belgian profiteers.

ANYBODY with three francs' worth of interest in the United States can buy a map of us showing where most of our ethnic groups reside. On the reverse side is a guide to our exhibits. The Russian publication, *Sputnik*, published in a number of languages, is run off in two colors and is the same size as a standard U.S. newspaper. Although it is larded with a number of stories in the Soviet vernacular about "The Road to Peace" and the "Kuibyshev Hydropower Station in Figures," it does strive for the light Western touch with modified cheesecake photos of bathing beauties (cropped to show them from the neck up), large cuts of Russian movie stars, and even a panel of cartoons about love in the spring completely devoid of any political message.

While world interest in the fair's first days has centered on the natural competition that has developed between the U.S. and the USSR, some of the presentations by far smaller countries are indeed dynamic. The Dutch exhibit, to take a prime example, is a vivid graphic demonstration of the continual battle against the sea in the Lowlands. Real waves



The best guide to Europe — fits into your pocket or purse. Where to eat, stay, shop. Currency information. Essential words and phrases. Handy maps.

KEY TO EUROPE New, revised 1958 Edition $2.50, now at your bookstore CROWN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy a
SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

The Government of La Province de Québec has reserved thousands of virgin lakes, rivers, forests, mountains, as a sportsman's paradise. Six great Provincial Parks offer the finest fishing, hunting, camping. Hotels, camps, guides are eager to help you organize the best trip you have ever enjoyed.

For information and reservations, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE **Québec**

THE BEST 1300
travel agents
COAST TO COAST
recommend
CARTAN TOURS
59th YEAR — WORLD WIDE

AUTO-EUROPE, Inc.

NEW YORK: 25 West 58th Street, New York 19
PLaza 3-1752
CHICAGO: (S. H. ARNOLT, Inc.—Midwest Affil.)
153 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11—MI 2-3211
LOS ANGELES: 268 S. Beverly Dr., Bev. Hills, Calif.
BRadshaw 2-2921

Yes, I'm going to Europe!

Please send me absolutely FREE the new edition of the ABC's of EUROPEAN AUTO TRAVEL plus information on purchase, re-purchase and rental of a car in Europe. No obligation to me, of course. Dept. 80

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

crash, life-size, against a dike. Instruments measure force, current, temperature. On a great concave shell above the heads of visitors a giant mural shows the process of reclaiming land from the sea by building a circular dike and then pumping the water from inside the ring. What results is a polder, and a life-size polder, or at least a section of one, is in evidence on the far side of the crashing waves, where contented sheep, flown from Holland, cuddle on the reclaimed land.

Aside from this show the Dutch have also dramatized the Holland-America Line story with a life-size mock-up of a dock scene showing part of the deck and hatch of a ship with a truck pulled up at a wharf loaded with crates bound for Lagos, Nigeria. Radar ears twirl on the upper deck of the waiting ship, and passers-by suffering from falling arches, a common ill here, can collapse in the inviting deck chairs that line the ship's rail.

Without minimizing the pleasure of going to sea on such a stable boat I must award the most-comfortable-place-to-collapse medal to the Austrians. In *their* pavilion they have set aside banks of deep soft chairs with upholstered ears angling off the backs. Inside the ears are hidden speakers which dispense recorded music. If you wish you can stop at the counter on the way in, choose anything from Strauss to Mozart, and a hostess will beam it to you in any bank of four chairs you choose. The combination of the plush chairs and the pleasant music is the greatest balm to the feet since Dr. Scholl. Those who are merely walking wounded can get their music live. All summer long professors from the Music Academy of Vienna will give classes for advanced pupils in full view of fair-goers. A glass curtain separates the spectators from the performers but the music and song is piped to the audience.

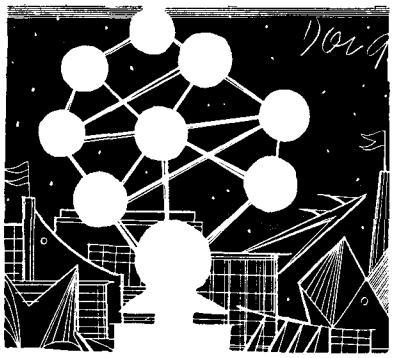
The whole Austrian Pavilion, I might explain, is a square block suspended on pillars with an open plaza underneath. Encased in diffused fluorescent light at night, it is a striking spectacle. I must also add a word here for the Austrian hostesses, who have been chosen with great attention to beauty and language. Someone with more taste and sense of showmanship than I had ever previously ascribed to the Austrians has dressed them in handsome, loose-fitting suits of bright canary yellow with berets to match. There isn't, I am ecstatic to report, a dirndl or a chin-tied straw bonnet in view.

While I couldn't help but feel that the Swiss, like the Russians, were too occupied with the material achievement of heavy machinery, their Pavilion is an imaginative affair of angular buildings separated by lagoons. The whiteness, the water, and the antiseptic attitudes of the exhibits themselves certainly suggest the country that created them. The massive dynamos aside, the Swiss have also come to Brussels with a marvelous room filled with mirrored stalagmites. Hidden projectors throw simulated snowstorms on the ceiling and views of winter in the Schweiz appear and disappear on the sides of the stalagmites themselves.

A roof of apples attests to the fact that Switzerland is a land of fruit. It is also a land of cheese and chocolate bars, both of which are on sale. The snack bar here serves as well, short orders of *croque monsieur*, which is toasted cheese, dappled with paprika, on top of wine-soaked bread. There is Neuchatel wine to wash it down.

Perhaps the British Pavilion is the only one to tell a story with a beginning and an end. The beginning of the exhibit inoculates the visitor with England's tradition. The *entrée* is certainly dramatic. The roof is deeply pitched and the darkness is illuminated only by a purple glow and by the shafts of light which shine through the oval-shaped green, purple, and red stained glass windows. Laid out on display are such evidences of British tradition as The Most Noble Order of the Garter, the Judge's Wig of State, and The Sceptre and the Orb, or, as it is translated into Flemish, De Schepter en der Rijksappel. Turning a corner marked by a portrait of Elizabeth, the fairgoers flow out of the past and into Britain today. There is a seascape of the atomic station at Dounreay on the coast of Scotland. The sea rolls, the clouds skim past, and seagulls squawk overhead. There is a device showing how Britain is creating 5 million degree heat and turning the energy into power; and for a look at British life rather than British accomplishment, there are twenty-six small screens showing such fleeting vignettes as a village fair in Sussex and the Hyde Park haranguers.

Both Finland and Norway—Den-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mark and Sweden are not in the fair—make handsome uses of natural wood. At the Norway building glass panels open to an outdoor garden set with sculpture. New lumber is the perfume of the Finnish Pavilion, which is an artful assemblage of rugs, glass, and the famed Finnish ceramics. Minuscule working models trace the ways in which Finland gathers its lumber and sends it southward by water and rail. Indeed, the high ceilings of the building and the odd lengths of planks suspended vertically from the rafters give one the impression of being in a northland forest in which all the trees have been shaved of their bark.

I cannot, of course, begin to make this a roll-call of each nation's efforts, not to mention the commercial exhibits, and the local amusement park. However, I think it is important to know that it is a huge, exciting spectacle, probably the great show of the age, and nobody coming to Europe this summer ought to be sold on seeing it in one day while traveling between Amsterdam and Paris. Brussels hotels in the main are up in price better than 25 per cent but even at that they don't begin to edge near the going rate for similar accommodations in Paris and in London, which have reached an extraordinary new high.

For those without a bed an enterprising American named Maurice Ball has blocked out fifty rooms at the Plaza and bought a small hotel called the Residence 58 which has eighteen rooms. The rub is that Mr. Ball has also bought forty-five Fiat station wagons, which are driven by a corps of handsome girl guides. Girl and Fiat, flying a Baltour flag, will pick you up at the airport, convey you to the hotel, to the fair, or for that matter any place of your choosing inside Belgium, which is, to be sure, a small country. At the fair grounds the guides will drop passengers at the gate, park their Fiat, and accompany customers through the exhibits on foot. The tab for this kind of luxury comes to $33 per day per person for bed, breakfast, car, and guide if two persons use the car. With four in the car, the price drops to $24 per person. Mr. Ball is also operating a fleet of contraptions inside the grounds which have room for two in front, propelled from the rear by a driver operating a motorcycle motor. Although the thing looks like an accidental mutation of an Atlantic City stroller, it is the most significant improvement over walking since pogo sticks.

—Horace Sutton.

Editor's Note: *This is the second of two articles by Mr. Sutton on the Brussels Fair. The first appeared in* SR *May 3.*

Low Cost Travel in Britain

...with Railway Thrift Coupons

Haven't you heard? Dollars spent here buy British Railways tickets at a discount! Buy Thrift Coupons . . . 1,000 miles of go-as-you-please rail travel for $21 (2nd class) . . . $31.50 (first class). Valid for six months. Also good for Irish cross-channel and MacBrayne's steamers. Additional mileage at commensurate savings. ***Buy Thrift Coupons from your travel agent before you leave. Not sold overseas.***

BRITISH RAILWAYS

OFFICES IN NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

Want "planning literature"? Write British Railways, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., Dept. E8-5

JAL *GRACIOUS INTRODUCTION TO THE ORIENT*

IF THE ORIENT IS YOUR CUP OF TEA, fly there with Japan Air Lines! JAL's Deluxe service includes such delights as Sake and authentic Kuchitori hors d'oeuvres...hot O-Shibori towels to refresh you...colorful Happi coats to wear enroute. Daily flights on radar-equipped DC-6B's and DC-7C's. See your travel agent.

fly **JAPAN AIR LINES** *U.S. to the Orient via Hawaii*

New York • Washington, D. C. • Chicago
San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Honolulu

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Training a Sensibility

"On Art and Literature," by Marcel Proust *(translated by Sylvia Townsend Warner; Meridian. 416 pp. $6), is a collection of essays that contains ideas later expanded in "Remembrance of Things Past." Our reviewer is Wallace Fowlie, who teaches French literature at Bennington College.*

By Wallace Fowlie

THESE texts of Marcel Proust were first published in France in 1954 under the title "Contre Sainte-Beuve." They were written during the years which intervened between the first version of Proust's novel "Jean Santeuil" and the definitive version, "Remembrance of Things Past." Approximately between 1908 and 1910. Today they help to substantiate a theory, fairly recent in Proustian criticism, that his work as a whole is profoundly unified and demonstrates a progressive development. A persistent legend claimed that Proust was in his early years a refined amateur, and then suddenly became a great writer. These collected essays and scenes are positive proof that "Remembrance of Things Past" was the culmination of a long, anxious, painstaking search which was never interrupted. To be a writer was Proust's fundamental concern and the very reason for his existence.

In a letter written in November, 1908, Proust spoke to Georges de Lauris of his plan to write a study of Sainte-Beuve. The form which this study took makes it into an unclassifiable document, half novel, half essay. The writer imagines that his mother comes to his bedside and he begins to tell her of his idea to write a study on Sainte-Beuve. In a letter the next year Proust spoke of the excessive length this study reached—four or five hundred pages. It was never finished, for the simple reason that the writing of the novel itself took over all of Proust's time. The long text was reduced to 250 pages by omitting the passages which corresponded too exactly to passages in the novel. On many of these pages one can feel the beginnings of Proust's novel. Some of the names are already here: Guermantes, for example. And some of the famous episodes, such as the madeleine and the cup of tea. The chapter on "A race accursed" is the forerunner of certain pages in "Cities of the Plain."

What is the role of Sainte-Beuve? He was the critic who, for Proust, neglected, because he had not understood, such major creative artists of the nineteenth century as Nerval, Baudelaire, and Balzac. With an unusual degree of vehemence, Proust denounces the man Sainte-Beuve and the method of his criticism. In this method Proust finds particularly distasteful the effort to explain an author by his historical period, by his social class, and by his personal life. According to Sainte-Beuve's historical-biographical method the work is not separated from the author and is in fact explained by him.

The difficult task of editing the manuscript of this book was carried out by Bernard de Fallois, who published for the original French edition a long and very illuminating preface. It is regrettable that the preface is not included in the American edition. M. de Fallois calls "Contre Sainte-Beuve" "the idea of a book." The chapters on Baudelaire and Balzac appear more complete than the article on Nerval, but the entire work is fragmentary. The importance of this volume, in its faithful translation, will be immediately apparent to the serious American readers of Proust. In it Proust reflects on the significance of the art of writing. Simultaneously critic and novelist, he discusses the works of art which had helped to train his sensibility.

—*Sketch by Paul Hallan.*

Marcel Proust on his deathbed—"a refined amateur . . . then . . . a great writer."

Image Altering

"Man in Modern Fiction," by Edmund Fuller *(Random House. 171 pp. $3.50), is a series of essays concerned with man's status in contemporary fiction. Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard University, assesses the study.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

MR. FULLER'S book makes one regret the passing of the pamphlet since it is essentially a pamphlet, troubled and troublesome. The author is vastly troubled by the low estimate into which man has fallen in the eye of prominent living novelists. Declaring himself an adherent of the Judaeo-Christian tradition, he finds that "a corrupted and debased image of man has become current in fiction," and he wants to alter the fiction. But the troubling part of his book is that he doesn't want to institute censorship, he sees no way of converting William March, John Steinbeck, James Jones, Gerald Tesch, and the rest to Christianity, the Judaeo-Christian tradition, or even "humanism," so that, beyond a general call to repentance addressed to readers and writers, he can only lament the short-sighted vision of novelists. Finally, I find his book troublesome because it is badly written. It should have been rewritten. Mr. Fuller is never quite certain whether he is writing denunciation, a treatise on fiction, or an *apologia contra paganos.*

His book has no vital center except wrath. A chapter like the one called "The Death of Mrs. Grundy" is a really funny assault on bedroom scenes in the contemporary novel. But the chapter in which he discusses John Aldridge is essentially a not too persuasive (because superficial) essay on what our society means by "values." The opening chapter, "The Three Images of Man," albeit the distinctions among these images might be clearer, promises a philosophical

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disquisition, but indignation shortly overcomes the author, the pattern disappears or is put aside, and he lays about him mightily regarding the evil of "From Here to Eternity" and "East of Eden." About the time you are ready to take Mr. Fuller as a philosopher, he changes into the Angry Man, and when you have got him in that guise, he becomes the pamphleteer and the journalist. There are some smart things in his pages—for example, the amusing crack, "A man cannot get himself privately published any more"—but then you descend into the journalism of: "The rest of the literary fraternity will have to back you up if you should get in Dutch." This is scarcely the way to write serious literary criticism.

Some years ago there was translated from the Italian Mario Praz's "The Romantic Agony," a serious and searching inquiry into the pathology of nineteenth-century literature and art. Conceivably Mr. Fuller intended something of that sort with regard to twentieth-century fiction. But he simply hasn't done it in this book, which is more often snappish than severe. In general he is on the side of the angels, but the angels are entitled to a more judicious manner than appears in "Man in Modern Fiction."

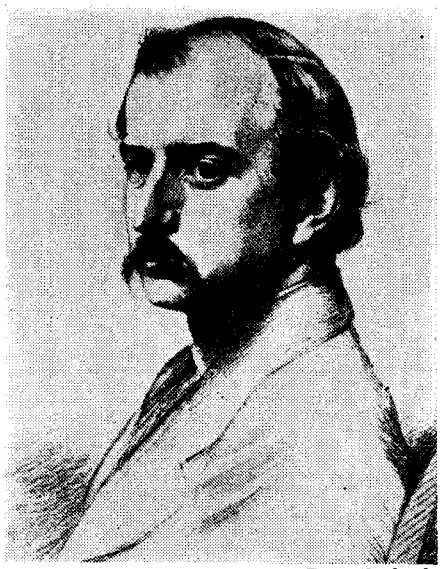
Rounding Out "The Education"

"A Henry Adams Reader," edited by Elizabeth Stevenson *(Doubleday. 408 pp. $5), contains selections from the works of the nineteenth-century writer, known chiefly for his famed account of his own education. Our reviewer is English critic Herbert Read, whose most recent book is "The Nature of Literature."*

By Herbert Read

READERS of "The Education of Henry Adams" and of "Mont-St.-Michel and Chartres," and they have been legion, must often have felt curious about the rest of the author's writings, and wondered why they were not more accessible. This volume of selections, made by Adams's foremost biographer, will perhaps leave such feelings satisfied. Henry Adams was a complex character, secretive, introspective; William James, in a letter to his brother Henry of 1873, describes Adams as sitting at a dinner party "saturnine and silent." A portrait sketch by Samuel Lawrence, one in 1868 when Adams was thirty and reproduced on the jacket of this "reader," shows a man with sharp melancholy features, and a head already balding. He married Marian Hooper at the age of thirty-four; thirteen years later she committed suicide by swallowing some of the chemicals she used to develop her own photographs. All that is valuable in his writing lies on this side of that tragic event.

The qualities and limitations of Henry Adams's writings can be shown by comparing him with some of his contemporaries. People who are in a better position to judge tell me that



—From the book.

Henry Adams—Portrait sketch by Samuel Lawrence (1868) when Adams was thirty.

his "History of the United States during the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison" is a solid achievement—objective, comprehensive, and judicious. As one who reads history as literature I can only say that it lacks the moral force of an Acton and the intuitive profundity of a Burckhardt. One cannot compare it for a moment with the earlier Tocqueville. It lacks the essential virtue of vividness. Even in his Letters there is some strange lack of personal sympathy. Miss Stevenson reproduces what is indeed a long and fascinating letter from Samoa, written in 1890. It describes, among other incidents, a visit to Robert Louis Stevenson, but though Adams is horrified by the squalor in which he found Stevenson living ("like a railroad navvy's board hut"), and dilates on the fact that he was wearing stockings of different color, there is no real approach to the man himself, a fellow writer. "When conversation fairly began, though I could not forget the dirt and discomfort, I found Stevenson extremely entertaining." One senses the aristocratic disdain which was perhaps the inhibitive factor in Adams's life.

Adams himself was a skilful analyst of his own limitations. Already as a boy, ten years old, he had faced "a dilemma that might have puzzled an early Christian," symbolized for him as State Street (Boston) and Quincy. "Quincy had always been right, for Quincy represented a moral principle—the principle of resistance to Boston. His Adams ancestors must have been right, since they were always hostile to State Street. If State Street was wrong, Quincy must be right! Turn the dilemma as he pleased, he still came back to the eighteenth century and the law of Resistance; of Truth; of Duty, and of Freedom."

The "Education" is Adams's greatest book, and secure as an American classic, as a classic of English literature. It has its faults, which are the faults of much American literature—an obliqueness or indirectness (typified by the use of the third person instead of the first) and arrogance. Arrogance may seem to be a strange word to apply to the Adams of "The Education," but the humility on the surface of this book is not genuine; what is genuine is the bitterness with which he states that at Quincy as elsewhere "a cruel universe combined to crush a child . . . a boy's will is his life, and he dies when it is broken, as a colt dies in harness, taking a new nature in becoming tame. Rarely has the boy felt kindly towards his tamers."

Adams's "new nature" found its most beautiful expression in "Mont-St.-Michel and Chartres," which even if it were not a remarkable work of art appreciation, would be remarkable as an act of reconciliation. Written from 1895 onwards and first privately printed in 1904, it anticipates much of the reinterpretation of Gothic art in terms of spiritual symbolism (from Worringer to Otto von Simson) that has been accomplished since that time. But Gothic art had a deep personal significance for Adams, and his book is to be read as a hymn to the Virgin. Henry Adams had found his reconciling image, and it was the Great Mother—Astarte, Isis, Demeter, Aphrodite. "The study of Our Lady," he wrote, "as shown by the art of Chartres, leads directly back to Eve, and lays bare the whole subject of sex." One may suppose, too, that it lays bare the whole subject of Henry Adams.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aboriginal Account

"Naked Under Capricorn," by Olaf Ruhen *(Lippincott. 217 pp. $3.75), tells of a man who becomes part of a remote and aboriginal civilization in the desert of Australia.*

By Robert Payne

RECENTLY there was shown in this country a color film of the aboriginals of the Australian desert. The most memorable character was a heroic black-bearded warrior, a true descendant of the stone age, with blue-black glistening skin and the air of a man who feared nothing in the world. He looked like Zeus. Indeed, there was an extraordinary physical resemblance between this naked warrior and the bronze Zeus found in the sea not very long ago, of which a replica presented by the Greek government can be seen in the United Nations Building. Lithe and graceful in all his actions, majestic and purposeful, this aboriginal possessed a vitality and serenity which shames us in this mechanical age.

In "Naked Under Capricorn" Olaf Ruhen has told the story of these people with deep and brooding affection. Davis Marriner was traveling across the desert around the turn of the century, when he was left for dead by his cut-throat companions. Found by a friendly drover, he is brought back to life again, given food, and taught some of the elementary lore of the desert. (Ruhen sets down the landscape so that the heat brushes against your cheeks: The blue water-holes, the red desert, the stumps of iron-black trees, and no water anywhere in sight once the water-holes are left behind.) In time Marriner inherits the drover's cattle and finds himself in camp with a herd of horses and almost no other possessions. Killing kangaroos to keep alive, he relies on the friendly aboriginals to see that his herds come to no harm.

At Bloodwood Plains he digs in, and the whole world of the aboriginals opens before him. These people are not all beautiful: some are as ugly as wart hogs; but they can see further than white men, they know the dreams of the earth, have their own sacred places, possess their own complex rituals, and walk with a strange nobility over the rolling desert which they know so well that they can tell from the tracks left on the ground who passed there, and when, and what he was carrying, and where he was going. An alert, quiet, richly imaginative people, they have good cause to hate white men, who shot them down like animals or fed them with phosphorus-poisoned flour, so that the world would be rid of them.

Marriner learns to identify himself with them. He shares their philosophy of quietude and independence, but becomes, simply because he is a white man with a white man's normal hungers, the ineluctable source of their misery, the gradual destruction of their ancient way of life. The camp grows into a settlement, then an empire covering 5,000 square miles of cattle-land. He grows rich, marries the silly daughter of a boarding-house keeper in Adelaide, builds a big house, and watches in hurt silence as his wife seethes with hatred against the black people. A local Australian is murdered, and an incompetent policeman is sent up to track down the murderers. The black people are shot down in cold blood; and Marriner, who feels his responsibility in changing the lives of the people he loves above all others, abruptly abandons all his possessions and rides north with a black friend, hoping to find some untouched place where he can find his lost freedom, and knowing he is doomed.

RUHEN'S book is written on many levels: an adventure story, a psychological study, a wonderfully vivid account of aboriginal life. It is also a treatise—and a very bitter one—on the subject of the white man's responsibility towards natives all over the world. Yet the final impression is one of a grave and compassionate gaiety. He is describing the dances of the aboriginals:

> They danced the hunting of the kangaroos; they danced the taking of women; they danced murder and fire; they danced the beginning of things; they danced the stars—the secret of the Emu's Nest that darkens the Milky Way and the shooting stars that come from nowhere. Yet everything they danced was sheer joy and entertainment.

His book, too, is a dance of sheer joy and entertainment, and well worthy of being read.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT . . ."

Many authors, especially novelists, display a strong affinity for non-luminosity—in the construction of titles, that is. Arthur E. Danese of Mount Morris, New York, submits a score of examples, and asks you to correlate titles and authors. The sun shines again on page 39.

1. "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs"	( ) Arthur Koestler
2. "The Edge of Darkness"	( ) Sherwood Anderson
3. "The Dark Is Light Enough"	( ) Hugh Walpole
4. "Darkness at Noon"	( ) Martha Ostenso
5. "The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness"	( ) Carl Carmer
6. "Dark Trees in the Wind"	( ) Martin Flavin
7. "Out of the Dark"	( ) Christopher Fry
8. "The Dark Hours"	( ) Edgar Wallace
9. "Beyond Dark Hills"	( ) Jesse Stuart
10. "Journey in the Dark"	( ) Sara Teasdale
11. "Dark of the Moon"	( ) Moss Hart
12. "The Dark Kingdom"	( ) Don Marquis
13. "The Dark Dawn"	( ) Helen Keller
14. "Lady in the Dark"	( ) Joseph Conrad
15. "Dark Laughter"	( ) Mary Ellen Chase
16. "The Dark Forest"	( ) Anne Sedgwick
17. "The Dark Command"	( ) Kenneth Patchen
18. "Heart of Darkness"	( ) W. R. Burnett
19. "Dark Hester"	( ) William Inge
20. "The Dark Eyes of Londan"	( ) Reinhold Niebuhr

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade and Kowtow

"Hong Kong," by Mona Gardner *(Doubleday. 406 pp. $4.50), relates the adventures of a young American who journeys to Macao in the exotic days of the Opium War.*

By Preston Schoyer

MISS GARDNER'S historical novel is less concerned with Hong Kong than the colorful history that gave it birth. That history is brought vividly to life through the adventures of her hero, a young American who journeys to Macao, the Portuguese colony, in the late 1830s to seek his fortune. His adventures, romantic and commercial, involve him in the increasing friction between Western merchants and contemptuous Chinese officials which led to the so-called Opium War, a conflict between the British and the Chinese brought on by the Chinese effort to stop the illegal opium traffic in which most Westerners were engaged. In turn the war led to the establishment of Hong Kong as a British colony and the opening of China to Western trade.

When Miss Gardner is dealing exclusively with the history and color of that exotic period, she is at her best, bringing it as amusingly and dramatically alive through the felicitous use of human incident as Maurice Collis has done in his straight historical study, "Foreign Mud" (the Chinese term for opium). One is made aware of the opulence of early nineteenth-century Macao by simply watching the Senhora Pinto's laundry, twenty hampers' worth, returning from Goa on the west coast of India; she sent it there because only in Goa, she believed, could the ruffles on her husband's shirts be ironed just right. One is made to feel the utter contempt of the Chinese for the Westerner through the behavior of a high Chinese official invited to breakfast by the Americans at Canton: he arrived three hours late surrounded by guards, who promptly excluded his hosts from the table; with amused curiosity he examined the many dishes brought him but did not so much as taste a single one, and then, departing, had a secretary read a prepared statement expressing his undying gratitude for the splendid meal he had just eaten. One understands perfectly the hopelessness of the Empire's military forces after being shown Admiral Kwan's war junks attempting to terrorize British frigates into submission with thunderous beatings of gongs and salvos of firecrackers.

There are glimpses of Emperor Tao Kuang and the court life in Peking, and though they seem less real, it is hardly Miss Gardner's fault. That life had become so preposterously stylized and artificial, so over-refined from sheer age, that the figures trapped in it can rarely help but emerge as characters from a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.

At the story's close the belief is expressed that the Opium War has been misnamed. Opium was incidental, it is argued; it was a trade war and a war to end the arrogant demand that the West *kowtow* to the Empire as inferiors. There is an implication here that the struggle was a healthy one, not untouched by virtue. Whether or not the implication is intended, subsequent history hardly supports it. At the time there was some hope that an expansion in legitimate trade would cause the opium traffic to languish; but in fact it greatly increased, to the further impoverishment of China. As for the *kowtow,* it was simply switched about, the aggressive West gradually reducing China to a semicolonial status. Ironically, these were factors which contributed, if indirectly, to the recent success of the Communists and the return to policies not unlike those of Tao Kuang: a semi-exclusion behind the Bamboo Curtain, the ousting of foreign firms and a general hostility to the West.

Unwatched Goodbyes

"Les Adieux," by François-Régis Bastide *(translated by Richard Howard; Simon & Schuster. 244 pp. $3.75), the winner of France's Prix Femina, tells of a pseudo White Russian prince and a middle-aged Swedish translator who together try to find solace from their Parisian exile.*

By Otis Fellows

WITH "Les Adieux," François-Régis Bastide, a writer and literary critic in his early Thirties, has won the coveted Prix Femina and produced a best-seller in his native France. This is a good novel as well, thought-provoking and at times strangely disturbing. Among other things, it is a bundle of paradoxes with the tangible and illusory inextricably joined. Solitude is found in the company of others. Truth is in the little dry click of the confessional's window, in a provincial brothel called the Paradise, or in a borrowed razor with its long blue blade. The prince is not a prince but a former White Russian general who is a liar, swindler, cheat, and honest man. The Swedish philologist is a woman of thirty—or fifty—who has mastery of nine languages and can be coldly emo-

Pick of the Paperbacks

EDIFYING DISCOURSES. *By Søren Kierkegaard. Torchbooks.* $1.45. These essays, to "be read in privacy and preferably aloud," contain many of the Danish philosopher's most salient ideas about man and his God.

CHINESE CIVILIZATION. *By Marcel Granet. Meridian.* $1.95. An eminent French Sinologist's scholarly exposition of the culture of ancient China.

THE UNKNOWN CHEKHOV. *Translated by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Noonday.* $1.65. Several stories, never before translated into English, as well as Chekhov's absorbing travel piece about his 1890 journey through Siberia.

THE GREAT FAIR. *By Sholom Aleichem. Translated by Tamara Kahana. Noonday.* $1.45. The Yiddish writer's story of his own childhood in Little Russia.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE and Other Medieval Romances. *Translated by Eugene Mason. Everyman.* $1.15. These tales, written by monks and sung by minstrels, tell of courtly days when knighthood was in fullest flower.

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST. *By Conrad Richter. Bantam.* 25¢. A frontier story about an adopted son of an Indian tribe who is returned to his own people too late for him to belong to them.

THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS. *By Vance Packard. Pocket Books.* 35¢. A behind-the-scenes glimpse at motivational research, and how this segment of the advertising world affects the American public's buying habits.

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL. *Translated by Rolfe Humphries. Scribners.* $1.45. A consistently readable and poetic translation of the epic tale about "pious Aeneas."

UNDER WESTERN EYES. *By Joseph Conrad. New Directions.* $1.45. The isolated hero who finds redemption through involvement is a familiar Conradian theme, enacted against the background of revolutionary Russia.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional or heatedly logical in each. Personages cross one another's paths now like clods of brute matter, and again like misplaced shadows. And "*les adieux* are what hurt less than anything else you can say when no one is watching you leave."

The narrative itself resembles nothing so much as a series of Chinese boxes, one nesting within the other. Félicien, hotel proprietor and deposed mayor of Bellins, reconstructs Prince Alexis Stellovski's past, which is in reality General Kroutchinov's with its close-locked secret at the very center. All this Félicien presents to Mlle. Choralita Brich, translator and linguist extraordinary, within the context of his own past history. But Mlle. Brich has a story to tell too! For she has lived an equivocal existence under the Nazi occupation; she has been friend and more to a fairy-tale prince or madman; she has given instruction at M. Lévêque's disreputable International Institute of Languages with its motto "There are no foreigners"; and, in her final, self-appointed loneliness she has come to an inevitable conclusion—that in each other's eyes we are all foreigners.

Nor does narrative within narrative stop here. Mlle. Brich passes the complex of stories on to one who has hitherto been chiefly interested in religious archeology. In turn, the erudite schoolman envelops in his own story all that has been handed down to him and presents the result to the reader. One last step has yet to be made, for we know it is not the worthy theologian who offers the sum total that is "Les Adieux," but a youthful novelist of no mean stature.

Because of the multiple perspectives the novel provides, there will doubtless be as many interpretations of its true meaning in America as has already been the case in France. Suffice it to say that "Les Adieux" has been written with discrimination and skill. The book can hardly be read rapidly with profit, and each word that has gone into its composition seems to have been weighed with extreme care. In his excellent translation, Richard Howard gives indication of having been fully aware of this.

GRECIAN TALE: The essential point about Ernst Schnabel's **"The Voyage Home"** (Harcourt, Brace. $3.75) is that it is a modernization of "The Odyssey." Certain adventures of Odysseus are presented, not as Homer tells them, but as Odysseus might have experienced them, or at any rate as he might have related them himself. I do not think that the novel is intrinsically interesting, but the problem it raises is fascinating: What is the difference between reality and the artist's version of it?

A striking addition to Odysseus's audience as he tells of his adventures, is a young poet, slowly going blind, who will insist on imposing on the reality of Odysseus's adventures the idealized elaboration of his own imagination and thus completely transforming it. For example, the poet reminds Odysseus that Aeolus had once given him a bag full of winds to help him on the journey to Ithaca. "Who?" exclaims Odysseus. No god gave him winds, he says; rather, the harbor master of Thermessa had merely told him one morning that the wind had shifted. Thus Schnabel suggests that in Homer's time a chasm separated realism from poetry.

The mood and approach of Schnabel and Homer are entirely different. There is a leanness to Schnabel's prose, a conscious rejection of the heroic. In contrast to Homer, Schnabel seems to say that the very stuff of poetry is realism itself and the acute perception of it. The translation by Denver Lindley is excellent. —C. A. Robinson, Jr.

The Widows

By Donald Hall

UP and down the small streets,
in which
no two houses are exactly
alike, widows of all ages
sit alone playing solitaire,
or knitting, or sometimes baking,
left in the big, empty houses.

Here are Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Brite,
Mrs. Pilching, Mrs. Wolf, and
Mrs. Pelletier, all at once—
in a section of nine houses,
five widows. Sometimes they have
bridge,
including either lunch or tea.

It is puzzling that there are no
widowers. Are the widowers
snatched off too soon by the widows?
Or do they live in Florida,
or southern California,
Instead of here in Rhode Island?

In the summer, separately,
widows spend a month in hotels
in New Hampshire, or sometimes
Maine,
but never in Massachusetts.
In the winter, or some winters,
some of them go to Florida.

Book clubs, television, and ways
to supplement their small incomes
keep them busy. It is not a
bad life, they say, for there are so
many left like you, though no two
widows are exactly alike.

World

Continued from page 19

turn his back on the world and go his own way. A careful reading of this book, with its analysis of the Afrikaner outlook, would have made clear to the reader that this newest triumph of Boer iconoclasm was inevitable. The fact that this is the middle of the twentieth century is irrelevant.

Professor Carter correctly makes the point that of all countries in the world South Africa, with its plural society, most fully mirrors within its borders the most difficult question of our age—the relationship between a long-established white minority and a fast-developing nonwhite majority seeking emancipation. Her book does not pretend to offer a solution to this ever more pressing problem, but it does succeed in elucidating it more knowledgeably than any other book I have come across. All of us concerned with South Africa and its race relations are deeply indebted to Professor Carter for her masterly treatment of the subject.

American Knights

"Big Oil Man from Arabia," by Michael Sheldon Cheney *(Ballantine. 282 pp. $4.95), is the author's account of his decade with an Arab-American oil company in Saudi Arabia. Our reviewer, William L. Ryan, is a foreign news analyst for the Associated Press and a frequent reporter on the Middle East scene.*

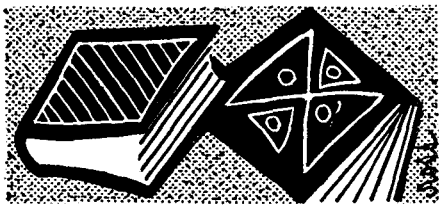
By William L. Ryan

MIKE Cheney has produced something of a rarity. His account of his ten years among the mystifying Bedouins and the often equally mystifying Americans in Saudi Arabia combines an engaging, easy narrative style with penetrating comment about one of the world's most confusing inhabitants: the Arab.

Mr. Cheney's title, in fact, does him an injustice, and the jacket compounds it. We are informed that "Big Oil Man from Arabia" concerns "the amazing adventures of Aramco, the American overseas oil company that is transforming Saudi Arabia."

But this is much more than a book about an oil company. Mr. Cheney does provide a brisk, breezy, and often irreverent sketch of a prodigious and timid industrial giant. But in the process he has achieved something far more meaningful: a sensitive di-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



agnosis of the ailments afflicting young men of the Arab East, caught up in a dynamic revolution which not even all the ancient strictures of Wahabism can deflect. And oil has been the lubricant for this revolution.

Mr. Cheney is concerned mostly with this burgeoning revolution in Saudi Arabia, but his diagnosis can be applied readily to other frustrated young men of the Arab East. For Americans, understanding the forces behind this youthful tidal wave is fully as important as keeping up to date on the race for the moon. Therefore, Mr. Cheney's book should be required reading for every member of the United States Congress.

The Americans who sweated and swore their way through cruel heat and through forbidding, unstable, and often hostile Arab country had little appreciation of the revolution they would create. As Mr. Cheney says, these "clear-eyed planners of American industry bore a disconcerting resemblance to men lost in a dense fog—or a sandstorm." They were there to exploit vast oil riches, and theirs was a brilliant industrial achievement. They shunned politics as the plague.

Yet this was a remarkable experiment by private enterprise, carrying the ball for American policy in an area where the United States Government had been too timid to tread. It created what Cheney found when he arrived in 1948—a "tenth-century society in the midst of a convulsive leap into the twentieth century."

Suddenly the Americans found themselves with an economic revolution on their hands, a social revolution building up and a political revolution in the offing. The tough and wiry "Bedu" suddenly was snatched up in a new urban life developing swiftly around the oil industry. The more he tasted of Western civilization, the more he wanted. Oil brought to the feudal land all the gaudy appurtenances of new-found wealth. It also brought unheard-of wages for 21,000 young Saudis working for Aramco and for many others working indirectly for big oil.

It was not the American oilmen's fault that this strange, new middle class brought dangerous unrest. In fact, as Cheney points out, "set against the popular picture of the big, bad oil industry, our little band of altruistic executives, clinging to their shining doctrine (of enlightened self-interest) amid the Stygian night of Middle Eastern politics suggested a troop of Boy Scouts set adrift in a brothel."

THE restlessness grew because the young Arab, far better off than ever before in terms of money and education, felt he did not really belong to the advanced, civilized world. He found himself hating everything and everybody, including himself. Perhaps the impact of the modern upon the ancient had been too swift. It had brought much benefit to many a young man, but he did not yet know what to do with what he was getting. The Koran could not help him, the feudal government would not, and the Americans did not know how. And, for all his new wealth, many a young Saudi found himself in a pit of despair.

Reading this book is like sitting down with a well-informed brilliant friend for an informal chat about an always fascinating subject. For many Americans, Mr. Cheney's book can be an education the easy way—a good-humored, intelligent, and highly entertaining exposition of a situation in which all Americans have a tremendous stake.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 15, 16, 13, 6, 10, 3, 20, 9, 11, 14, 8, 7, 18, 2, 19, 12, 17, 1, 5.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 16

monds" (Knopf, $1.45) are a pair of Jewish merchants, the book cannot very well be compared with either Glanville's novel or Malamud's short stories, but I want to mention it, because, as a paperback original, it has had less attention than it deserves. Since its scene is South Africa, the theme of alienation might easily have been emphasized, but Jacobson has chosen to keep problems of racial, national, and religious conflict in the background. He has written a comedy of errors, and a very entertaining one.

The action begins when a small packet of illicit diamonds is accidentally delivered to Manfred Gottlieb. Thus inadvertently involved in a form of criminal activity that appears to be the chief concern of South African police, Gottlieb becomes a changed man. Not only are his days and nights filled with exciting fantasies; he tries to assume in fact the role of the man of action he plays in his dreams, and his efforts lead him to the edge of disaster. His relations with Fink, his partner, become fantastically complicated, and it is in his portrayal of these relations that Jacobson is most effective. The final scene of explanation and reconciliation provides a brilliant climax for an engaging piece of storytelling.

"Rich, exciting, compellingly readable"*
ROMAIN GARY'S
best-selling Prix Goncourt novel
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN
$4.50. Simon and Schuster
*From the superb review in The Atlantic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Brunswick Renaissance

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

IN the gently rolling countryside of New Brunswick, through which the St. John River flows in a setting of eighteenth-century pastoral beauty, an isolated culture flourishes today with new vigor and richness. It is a sort of rustic Renaissance, complete with the modern equivalent of the wealthy princes of Venice, Florence, or Mantua.

Lord Beaverbrook of London is the patron friend of this current cultural flowering, and he assuredly is as colorful, complex, powerful, and wealthy as any of the Florentine Medici.

It was in the simple, sparsely settled backwoods along the Miramichi River, not far from this provincial capital, that Beaverbrook grew up and went to school. Although he left New Brunswick as a young man to win fame and power as one of Britain's most influential newspaper proprietors, as a member of Parliament, and as a cabinet minister during both World Wars, Lord Beaverbrook has never severed his close ties of affection with this province where he is a familiar and beloved figure.

It is nothing strange for a creative flame to burn intensely in Fredericton. In the 1880s one burned brightly here that eventually set literary fires alight in Toronto, Ottawa, New York, and London. This was the poetic flowering of Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Francis Sherman, and others of the Fredericton circle, all descendants of United Empire Loyalists, those American colonists who remained loyal to the British crown and settled in Canada after the Revolutionary War. They actually founded New Brunswick in 1784.

Take my dust and all my
dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one
by one,
Send them where the winters
perish;
Then some golden noon recherish
And restore them in the sun....

This stanza from a poem by Bliss Carman is taken, significantly enough, from a new book, "Ten Canadian Poets," by Professor Desmond Pacey of the University of New Brunswick, one of Canada's leading literary critics. He himself is part of the "golden noon" of renascent criticism, music, art, and scholarship in this province of which Fredericton is the center and Beaverbrook the "restorer."

A stroll through the tranquil streets of Fredericton gives some index to the change taking place here. Leaving the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel on the banks of the St. John River one almost immediately comes to the Lord Beaverbrook Art Museum, an impressive structure of classic marble which is to be completed and formally opened sometime next September. It will house the Beaverbrook collection.

This collection, based largely on British and Canadian painters, has some fine examples by Sir Winston Churchill, an old friend and colleague of Beaverbrook, has the celebrated studies of Sir Winston by Graham Sutherland, has fine works by John Singer Sargent, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Paul Nash, Thomas Gainsborough, and Sir Jacob Epstein among many others, including some of Canada's most famous painters such as Cornelius Krieghoff.

Continuing down Waterloo Road past the museum for a few blocks, with the open esplanade of the banks of the St. John on the left, one comes to the stately home of Lord Beaverbrook where, when he is in residence, writers, editors, critics, artists, musicians, and statesmen come from both sides of the Atlantic to feed their own inspiration and enthusiasm into the intellectual life of New Brunswick.

Not only in practical things like dormitories and a new gymnasium has Beaverbrook contributed to the growth of the University of New Brunswick. He has also founded the Bonar Law-Bennett Library. Seated on the crest of a hill in the heart of the campus above the city, the library houses the personal and official papers of Prime Minister Lloyd George, Prime Minister Bonar Law, and Canadian Prime Minister Richard Bedford Bennett, a native of New Brunswick. Bonar Law, great friend of Beaverbrook, was the only Canadian to become a British Prime Minister.

Scholars doing any definitive research on these three historical figures will have to come to Fredericton to do it. Beaverbrook's own papers will also be concentrated here.

Below the campus is the Lady Beaverbrook Auditorium, a center of musical, theatrical, and sports events. There is an impressive resurgence of choral singing throughout the province in which thousands of school and college students as well as adults participate. The annual highlight is the Lord Beaverbrook Choral Competition at the auditorium. Choirs such as the Chorale Notre-Dame d'Acadie and St. Joseph's University—both repeated national champions of Canada—compete for prizes dispensed personally by Lord Beaverbrook. Eminent critics, such as Sir Beverly Baxter, are brought especially from London to judge the event.

In the local art center downtown one can see a contemporary show by a talented local painter such as Mary E. Pacey, wife of Professor Pacey. Or walking across Officers Square, which is dominated by a superb statue of Lord Beaverbrook, one comes to the editorial offices of the University Press of New Brunswick, a private company run by Brigadier Michael Wardell, a debonair, cultivated man who was formerly editor of Beaverbrook's newspapers and well-known in international social and political circles. The press publishes a fine monthly magazine, *The Atlantic Advocate*, which is dedicated to coverage of all Canada's Atlantic provinces. The press also turns out some of the handsomest children's books one can find anywhere in addition to a growing list of Canadian authors.

IN his recent book, "The Frontier and Canadian Letters," Professor Wilfrid Eggleston of Carleton University commented in writing about the earlier poetic flowering of Fredericton that scholars had been puzzled that this remote, tranquil, sylvan city should have caught fire culturally with such brilliance.

A great teacher, George Parkin, was the source of many of those original sparks. Today a dedicated genie, working quietly, tirelessly, unselfishly at the side of Beaverbrook, is the source of much of the inspiration that is making a Canadian cultural mecca of Fredericton. He is Robert A. Tweedie, a provincial official of New Brunswick, who is also secretary of The Beaverbrook Foundations and man Friday for Beaverbrook.

A visitor feels in Tweedie and in Pacey, as in Beaverbrook and Wardell, or in other Fredericton figures, the sort of creative restlessness that the province's greatest poet, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, wrote about:

Across the estranging, changing
years,
Blind puppet of my restless
star,
In discontent content alone,
You urge and drive me,
Tantramar.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bureaucrats . . .

Continued from page 14

tions may be overorganized to a point where the mastery of the syllabus becomes more important than cultivation of the power of independent judgment and the capacity for self-education. But there are other areas of common activity in which we cannot safely rely on spontaneity and must prepare in advance the mechanisms to channel spontaneity. For example, whoever would wait for an enemy attack before establishing a civil-defense organization overlooks the fact that panic, blind spontaneous panic, is a more likely response to great disaster than cooperative effort.

The number of men in the world, their quest for plenty and leisure, their unangelic nature, and the necessity for just distribution in a technological age compel us to conclude that the multiplication of organizations in society is inescapable. Repining will not reverse the trend. There are some who see in this the eclipse of individual freedom and justice which they seek to avoid or attenuate by setting up still other organizations which in time exhibit the disease they would combat. I make so bold as to contend that by and large, so far as the great masses of individuals are concerned, our world of giant organization, despite its bureaucratic deformations, has more effectively widened the scope of individual freedom, the freedom to develop one's powers and talents, the freedom to move, the freedom to learn, to think, and to dissent than was possible in the world of smaller organizations it has replaced. This is subject, of course, to some important qualifications, but I think it is wrong to say or imply that the individual has become helpless in the face of huge aggregates of power, a creature utterly dependent upon forces beyond control or modification, and that he can survive only by becoming a compliant "organization man." One *can* be a person in a bureaucratic age. It requires courage, but it always required courage to be a person, a courage which in the past, because of the absence of appropriate means and conditions, was not sufficient except for the privileged.

What does it mean to be a person in a bureaucratic age as distinct from being a number, a unit, a member of a crowd, a working bee in a communal hive? It means to have knowledge—knowledge of the world we live in, physical and social, its possibilities and its dangers. It means to have knowledge of *ourselves,* what we really want in the light of our capacities and limitations. It means the courage to make our own choices in the basic decisions of love, vocation, friendship, political life, and religious communion. Although all alternatives are not open to us, the more we seek them the more often we will find them. It means a willingness to risk something in behalf of our ideals and our sense of justice. It means a refusal to play it so safe that personal experience loses its zest and tang; a refusal to make mere survival the be-all and the end-all of life and politics. It means a commitment to a social order whose institutions make it possible for more and more people to become persons. It means, finally, the absence of fanaticism—the recognition that good often conflicts with good, that there are no total solutions, that the test of ends is to be found in the actual or probable consequences of the means used to achieve them. This entails the view that the ultimate authority in resolving all conflicts among men is not the authority of institutions, traditions, or men but the authority of rational method, of intelligence which must not be confused with a sweet reasonableness or posture of appeasement unable to see the face of evil.

No one can be a complete person except perhaps a divine being. But although we cannot be gods, we can still live like men in a community of persons. And when we put organizations, administrations, or bureaucracies on trial our verdict ultimately must rest on whether they help or hurt persons.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 777

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 777 will be found in the next issue.

MBIL I UIW WZZQX

SW RIFQZWSWR SX I

DIXL-SFEW PIDT, MSLB

I BSWRZ SW SL.

—D. Q. MIFWZF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 776

The person that always says just what he thinks at last gets just what he deserves.

—Anon.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Au Revoir to the Moiseyev Dancers

MAY 3, 1958, may be remembered by millions for various reasons, but for the 3,500 (plus) who crowded the Metropolitan Opera House for the final performance of the Moiseyev Dance Company's historic first engagement in New York, it will be memorable as the occasion when American and Russian voices joined in the strains of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" as the company went through the evolutions of a Virginia Reel. Traditionally, Igor Moiseyev adds to his dancers' repertory something from the countries they visit, but to see the process in action was a warming, unforgettable thing.

Some who had been forewarned held their places as the curtain rose and fell amid applause from both sides of the footlights, especially when Igor Moiseyev led S. Hurok (who engineered it all) from the wings and embraced him. When the curtain rose again, the company had lined up in the traditional opening formation for the reel, as Samson Galpern's baton rose and fell in the accents of—whatever the Russian may be for it —"Turkey in the Straw." When they sensed what was going on, some of the audience joined in the rhythmic handclaps, encouraged by the performers themselves. Then, remarkably, came the promenade to the strains of Arthur Sullivan's most famous tune, in a cross-footlight communion one is rarely privileged to experience. The second time around, it seemed, everybody was singing.

During their New York visit the Russians were taken to Folk Dance House, where Mary Ann and Michael Herman demonstrated the famous traditional dance. The Moiseyev performers showed their ready assimilation of any danceable pattern by utilizing their highly disciplined muscles to fall into the bodily attitudes and "country" manner of movement appropriate to what they had seen. It was, necessarily, more "in the spirit of" than a replica, but what spirit . . . ! Despite their exertions of the afternoon, the company was keyed to a special effort for the evening performance, which was even more exuberant than that of the opening. Take it from one who found the second experience even more exhilarating than the first, the opportunity provided by the return engagement at the Madison Square Garden in late June should not be missed. —I. K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

The Charlie Christian Story

By RALPH ELLISON

JAZZ, like the country which gave it birth, is fecund in its inventiveness, swift and traumatic in its developments, and terribly wasteful of its resources. It is an orgiastic art which demands great physical stamina of its practitioners, and many of its most talented creators die young. More often than not (and this is especially true of its Negro exponents) its heroes remain local figures known only to small-town dance halls, and whose reputations are limited to the radius of a few hundred miles.

A case in point, and a compelling argument for closer study of roots and causes, is a Columbia LP (CL 652) devoted to the art of Charlie Christian, probably the greatest of jazz guitarists. He died in 1942 after a brief, spectacular career with the Benny Goodman sextet. Had he not come from Oklahoma City in 1939, at the instigation of John Hammond, he might have shared the fate of many we knew in the period when Christian was growing up (and I doubt that it has changed very much today).

Some of the most brilliant of jazzmen made no records; their names appeared in print only in announcement of some local dance or remote "battles of music" against equally uncelebrated bands. Being devoted to an art which traditionally thrives on improvisation, these unrecorded artists very often have their most original ideas enter the public domain almost as rapidly as they are conceived, to be quickly absorbed into the thought and technique of their fellows. Thus, the riffs which swung the dancers and the band on some transcendent evening, and which inspired others to competitive flights of invention, become all too swiftly a part of the general style, leaving the originator as anonymous as the creators of the architecture called Gothic.

There is in this a cruel contradiction implicit in the art-form itself. For true jazz is an art of individual assertion within and against the group. Each true jazz moment (as distinct from the uninspired commercial performance) springs from a contest in which each artist challenges all the rest; each solo flight, or improvisation, represents (like the successive canvases of a painter) a definition of his identity: as individual, as member of the collectivity, and as a link in the chain of tradition. Thus, because jazz finds its very life in an endless improvisation upon traditional materials, the jazzman must lose his identity even as he finds it—how often do we see even the most famous of jazz artists being devoured alive by their imitators, and, shamelessly, in the public spotlight?

—*Popsie.*

Charlie in 1940.

So at best the musical contributions of these local, unrecorded heroes of jazz are enjoyed by a few fellow musicians and by a few dancers who admire them and afford them the meager economic return which allows them to keep playing, but very often they live beyond the period of youthful dedication, hoping in vain that some visiting big-band leader will provide the opportunity to break through to the wider spheres of jazz. Indeed, to escape these fates the artists must be very talented, very individual, as restlessly inventive as Picasso, and very lucky.

Charles Christian, when Hammond brought him to the attention of Goodman, was for most of his life such a local jazz hero. Nor do I use the term loosely, for having known him since 1923, when he and my younger brother were members of the same first-grade class, I can recall no time when he was not admired for his skilful playing of stringed instruments. Indeed, a great part of his time in the manual-training department of Douglass School was spent constructing guitars from cigar boxes; instruments upon which both he and his older brother, Clarence, were dazzlingly adept. Incidentally, in their excellent notes to the album Al Avakian and Bob Prince are mistaken when they assume that Christian was innocent of contact with musical forms more sophisticated than the blues, and it would be well that here I offer a correction. Before Charlie was big enough to handle a guitar himself he served as a guide for his father, a blind guitarist and singer. Later he joined with his father, his brother Clarence and Edward (an arranger, pianist, violinist, and performer on the string bass and tuba), and made his contribution to the family income by strolling with them through the white middle-class sections of Oklahoma City, where they played serenades on request. Their repertory included the light classics as well as the blues, and there was no doubt in the minds of those who heard them that the musical value they gave was worth far more than the money they received. Later on Edward, who took leading roles in the standard operettas performed by members of the high-school chorus, led his own band and played gigs from time to time with such musicians as Hot Lips Paige, Walter Page, Sammy Price, Lem C. Johnson (to mention a few), all members at some point of the Blue Devils Orchestra, which later merged with the Benny Moten group to become the famous Count Basie Band. I need only mention that Oklahoma City was a regular stopping point for Kansas City-based orchestras, or that a number of the local musicians were conservatory-trained and were capable of sightreading the hodge-podge scores which during the "million-dollar production" stage of the silent movies furnished the stands of pit-orchestras.

The facts in these matters are always more intriguing than the legends. In the school which we attended harmony was taught from the ninth through the twelfth grades; there was an extensive and compulsory music-appreciation program, and, though Charles was never a member, a concert band and orchestra and several vocal organizations. In brief, both in his home and in the community Charles Christian was subjected to many diverse musical influences. It was the era of radio, and for a while a local newspaper gave away cheap plastic recordings of such orchestras as Jean Goldkette's along with subscriptions. The big media of communication were active, for better or worse, even then, and the Negro community was never completely isolated from their influence.

However, perhaps the most stimulating influence upon Christian, and one with whom he was later to be identified, was that of a tall, intense young musician who arrived in Oklahoma City sometime in 1929 and who, with his heavy white sweater, blue

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stocking cap, and up-and-out-thrust silver saxophone, left absolutely no reed player and few young players of any instrument unstirred by the wild, excitingly original flights of his imagination. Who else but Lester Young, who with his battered horn upset the entire Negro section of the town. One of our friends gave up his valved instrument for the tenor saxophone and soon ran away from home to carry the new message to Baltimore, while a good part of the efforts of the rest was spent trying to absorb and transform the Young-ian style. Indeed, only one other young musician created anything like the excitement attending Young's stay in the town. This was Carlton George, who had played with Earl Hines and whose trumpet style was shaped after the excursions of Hines's right hand. He, however, was a minor influence, having arrived during the national ascendancy of Louis Armstrong and during the local reign of Oran ("Hot Lips") Paige.

When we consider the stylistic development of Charles Christian we are reminded how little we actually know of the origins of even the most recent of jazz styles, or of when and where they actually started; or of the tensions, personal, sociological, or technical, out of which such an original artist achieves his stylistic identity. For while there is now a rather extensive history of discography and recording sessions there is but the bare beginnings of a historiography of jazz. We know much of jazz as entertainment, but a mere handful of cliches constitutes our knowledge of jazz as experience. Worst, it is this which is frequently taken for all there is, and we get the impression that jazz styles are created in some club on some particular occasion and there and then codified according to the preconceptions of the jazz publicists in an atmosphere as grave and traditional, say, as that attending the deliberations of the Academie Française. It is this which leads to the notion that jazz was invented in a particular house of ill-fame by "Jelly Roll" Morton, who admitted the crime himself; that swing was invented by Goodman about 1935; that T. Monk, K. Clarke, and J. B. "D" Gillespie invented "progressive" jazz at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem about 1941.

This is, of course, convenient but only relatively true, and the effort to let the history of jazz as entertainment stand for the whole of jazz ignores the most fundamental knowledge of the dynamics of stylistic growth which has been acquired from studies in other branches of music and from our knowledge of the growth of other art forms. The jazz artist who becomes nationally known is written about as though he came into existence only upon his arrival in New York. His career in the big cities, where jazz is more of a commercial entertainment than part of a total way of life, is stressed at the expense of his life in the South, the Southwest, and the Midwest, where most Negro musicians at least found their early development. Thus, we are left with an impression of mysterious rootlessness, and the true and often annoying complexity of American cultural experience is oversimplified.

With jazz this has made for the phenomena of an art form existing in a curious state of history and prehistory simultaneously. Not that it isn't recognized that it is an art with deep roots in the past, but that the nature of its deep connection with social conditions here and now is slighted. Charlie Christian is a case in point. He flowered from a background with roots not only in a tradition of music, but in a deep division in the Negro community as well. He spent much of his life in a slum in which all the forms of disintegration attending the urbanization of rural Negroes ran riot. Although he himself was from a respectable family, the wooden tenement in which he grew up was full of poverty, crime, and sickness. It was also alive and exciting, and I enjoyed visiting there, for the people both lived and sang the blues. Nonetheless, it was doubtlessly here that he developed the tuberculosis from which he died.

More important, jazz was regarded by most of the respectable Negroes of the town as a backward, low-class form of expression, and there was a marked difference between those who accepted and lived close to their folk experience and those whose status strivings led them to reject and deny it. Charlie rejected this attitude in turn, along with those who held it—even to the point of not participating in the musical activities of the school. Like Jimmy Rushing, whose father was a businessman and whose mother was active in church affairs, he had heard the voice of jazz and would hear no other. Ironically, what was perhaps his greatest social triumph came in death, when the respectable Negro middle-class not only joined in the public mourning, but acclaimed him hero and took credit for his development. The attention which the sheer quality of his music should have secured him was won only by his big-town success.

FORTUNATELY for us, Charles concentrated on the guitar and left the school band to his brother Edward, and his decision was a major part of his luck. For although it is seldom recognized, there is a conflict between what the Negro-American musician feels in the community around him and the given (or classical) techniques of his instrument. He feels a tension between his desire to master the classical style of playing and his compulsion to express those sounds which form a musical definition of Negro-American experience. In early jazz these sounds found their fullest expression in the timbre of the blues voice, and the use of mutes, water glasses, and derbies on the bells of their horns arose out of an attempt to imitate this sound. Among the young-

(*Continued on page* 46)

The first grade, Douglass School, Oklahoma City, in 1923. Charlie Christian is in the first standing row, seventh boy from the right. Kneeling at the extreme right of the first row is Herbert Ellison, the author's brother.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Anita Sings The Most." Anita O'Day, "We'll Be Together Again," "Stella By Starlight," "Them There Eyes." Verve MGV 8259, $4.98.	Miss O'Day certainly has talent, but her little personal touches, i.e. a long straight tone, have become affectations. She sometimes burdens herself with tempos that would be too fast for a good instrumentalist. The purpose of scat-singing is to free oneself from the discipline of the lyric so as to improvise, as nearly as possible, like an instrument. Unfortunately, Miss O'Day is not quite successful at this. She is capable of warm and musicianly singing, and does well on "Turned The Tables."
"Between 18th and 19th On Any Street." Bob Scobey's Frisco Jazz Band with Clancy Hayes. "Little Girl," "Bucket's Got A Hole In It," "Black and Blue." RCA Victor LPM 1567, $3.98.	The numbers chosen for this album are fine, but the musicians, by trying to play within the confines of an era, fail to do them justice. Clancy Hayes and Bob Scobey would have been much better off if they had used a guitar instead of a banjo. Bob does some nice playing, particularly on "I'm Not Rough."
"Buddy De Franco Plays Artie Shaw." "Frenesi," "Stardust," "Summit Ridge Drive." Verve MGV 2090, $4.98.	This is a fine album, handled beautifully. For the most part, De Franco sounds un-mechanical and wonderful, the ensemble sound is delicate and distinctive, and the trumpet player, Ray Linn, sounds marvelous.
"The Gerry Mulligan Songbook, Vol. 1." Gerry Mulligan and the sax section; Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Lee Konitz, Allan Eager, "Crazy Day," "Turnstile," "Disc Jockey Jump," "Venus De Milo." World Pacific PJ 1237, $4.98.	The ensemble playing and arrangements are so good it sounds like the fellows aren't even reading. The solos are another scene. Why is it necessary to listen with all three ears to find traces of individuality? Al Cohn takes the most advantage of Freddie Green's lovely rhythm. Mulligan's compositions certainly make it, but Bill Holman's arrangements and the very fine ensemble work are what really makes this album worth hearing.
"Jackie McLean Quintet Feat." Don Byrd. "It's You Or None," "Blue Doll," "Little Melonae," "The Way You Look Tonight." Jubilee JLP 1064, $3.98.	Jackie plays his alto expressively, and understands the kick he wants to play on, quite well. He plays much better on the standards than on his originals, perhaps because the standards have been written by people with a more mature understanding of melody than he has. Don Byrd, though he's always improving technically, has played more intelligently than he does here. Drummer Ronald Tucker, because of his anxiety and lack of restraint, prevents the rhythm section from settling into any groove for very long, although Doug Watkins tries hard. This would have been a much more musical album if the exercises had been eliminated and only standards played.
"Jazz Giants '58." Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Harry Edison, Louis Bellson and the Oscar Peterson Trio. "Chocolate Sundae," "When Your Lover Has Gone," "Candy," "Lush Life." Verve MGV 8248, $4.98.	Norman Granz's liner notes give the impression that this is a wonderful album; that Getz, Mulligan, Edison, Bellson, and the Granz house rhythm sectioneers, play a gang of music; that everyone's an individual: That the whole thing swings like crazy. Well, it's true.
"Juanita Hall Sings the Blues." "Hold That Train," "You've Been A Good Old Wagon," "After You've Gone," "Lovin' Sam From Alabam." Counterpoint CPST 556, $5.95.	Claude Hopkins, Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, Dock Cheatham, Jimmy Crawford, George Duvivier, were all inspired by Miss Hall. Who wouldn't be! Some of them played better than they ever have. Miss Hall is the living end.
"Jump for Joy." Peggy Lee with Nelson Riddle's Music. "Back In Your Own Backyard," "I Hear Music," "Just In Time," "Four Or Five Times," Capitol T979, $3.98.	Peggy Lee has a fine instrument and uses it with great musicianship. The charts show her to good advantage, but the wonderful beat she has is not as much in evidence here as usual. Anyway, she should be quite proud of this album.
"The Lion Roars." Willie "The Lion" Smith. "Carolina Shout," "Portrait of The Duke," "Bring On The Band," Contrary Motion." Dot DLP 3094, $3.98.	He sure does.
"Men from Mars." Woody Herman and his orch. "Blue Lou," "Mambo the Most," "Mambo the Utmost," "Moten Stomp," "Celestial Blues." Verve MGV 8216, $4.98	The liner mentions Woody's organizational talents as being greater than his musical talents. Make no mistake, his playing is very often much more interesting than some of the men who have received great encouragement in his Herds. This album's a galloper, too.
"Sidney Bechet Has Young Ideas About Fourteen Great Standards." "All The Things You Are," "All Of Me," "Embraceable You," "It Don't Mean A Thing." World Pacific PJ 1236, $4.98.	It was a wonderful idea to have Kenny Clarke and Martial Dolal with Mr. Bechet. They gave his playing a different flavor. The choice of numbers was excellent, but perhaps Mr. Bechet has been too far from stateside jazz for too long.
"South Pacific Jazz." Tony Scott Quartet. "Balai Ha'i," "Honey Bun," "Younger Than Springtime," "A Cockeyed Optimist," "Happy Talk." ABC Paramount ABC 235, $3.98.	There are spots on this album where Tony's baritone cuts everybody. One of the most tasty show albums to date.
"The Roaring Twenties." Eddie Condon and his All-Stars. "Wolverine Blues," "Chimes Blues," "Put Em Down Blues," "Minor Drag," "China Boy," "Heebie Jeebies." Columbia CL 1089, $3.98.	"Right Chords" Condon had sense enough to add Butterfield to his group. Dickenson plays on a couple of sides and does a lot of good. Good playing by regulars Wettling, Cutty, and Wilbur. Don't know about the "Twenties" but there's plenty of roaring. —Ruby Braff.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRO AND CONDON

Avril á Paris

PARIS.

DEAR EDDIE,

As soon as I got settled in my hotel room I went out looking for Mezz Mezzrow, as per your instructions. It was a frustrating search; in one Pigalle bar, when I inquired "Mezz Mezzrow?" of the porter, he helpfully pointed toward the Men's Room. Finally I called my old friend Alain Apthekman, a one-time newspaperman now going straight in chemicals.

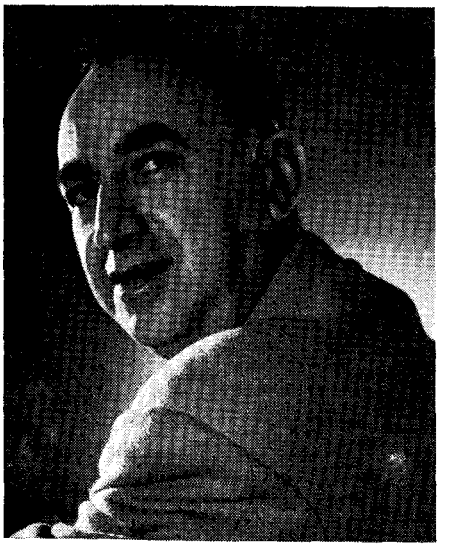
"Alas, my old," said Apthekman, "Paris, which once leaped with jazz, now hardly hops. Mezz is here somewhere, but going to hear him, for me, is like your going to Nick's in New York—I can anticipate each note of every solo before he plays it. Sidney Bechet plays very little. He goes on tour, he comes back for a few days in one club or another, he goes on tour again. Recently he had a stage play about jazz origins which expired in about three weeks. Don Byas is here and playing well, but he too is familiar. We had the Modern Jazz Quartet, reverent about their own music but nevertheless exciting; Miles Davis was here too—great. We have had Dizzy, we have had Basie, we have had Mulligan, all good but transient. Kenny Clarke—Klook—is here now, with Grappelly. We go hear them; *alors.*"

I was especially anxious to see Grappelly, for I have loved his violin since the mid-Thirties, when Decca first issued the records he and Django Reinhardt made with three others, calling themselves The Quintette of the Hot Club of France (some of those sides are available as reissues, on Angel). Also, in California, Norman Granz had given me an LP he recently issued, Grappelly and a small group in "Music to Stop the Clock By" (Verve MGV-20001). Unfortunately, although Grappelly sometimes breaks loose in that one, he is largely confined by the arrangements; it is a pleasing record but hardly indicative of what he can do.

What he can do is swing—and he is doing that today in a small club in St. Germain-des-Pres under severe handicaps. Behind him are an Early-Birdland drummer from the States who can but will not keep time, a bassist who hears some secret inner rhythm, and a fair, modern-derivative pianist who might just as well be across the street, for all the rapport he is able to establish with the other two. It doesn't matter; Grappelly pulls out a rhythm of his own, and above it he plays some of the most exciting jazz I ever have heard in my life.

He is slender and grey-haired, delicately handsome and soft in manner off the stand, a native Parisian who was born of unmusical but appreciative parents. The delicacy vanishes the instant he takes up his now-electrified violin; he plays with a hard-swinging attack, taking abrupt and foolhardy flights into the upper registers and as quickly diving down into precincts ordinarily owned by the baritone saxophone. He plays with an affected carelessness that, you realize after a time, is the product of a sure and authoritative intelligence—he will turn out of a passage of complicated improvisation into a Basie-like riff, repeat it to build rhythmic excitement, and just as suddenly drop away from it, spiraling into a further exploration of the melodic possibilities. He does all this with such effortlessness it appears accidental. In each set, too, he is overcome by romanticism—he turns down the lights and plays moodily and ruminatively, as though picking over some old affair and extracting only the tender sadnesses.

I had a drink with him (he drinks . . . *alors* . . . rum and cola). He speaks English as he plays the violin, experimentally and imaginatively. His parents encouraged him when he was about nine to play the harmonium.



Mezzrow—"same old Mezz."

"My father teach me the whole musical story," he said, "for he know everything except to play; he keen on music, *very* keen. At thirteen I went to Le Conservatoire and was there two years on violin *et* theory. Then something went wrong with my family and I had to work—*somehow.*

"A man in the place where I live give me some deputizing into the silent theatre, *les movies.* I stay two years, violin playing six hours a day, six hours making the fingers go. Next door to that picture was an amusement place where you could listen to record for *cinq sous* . . . I was listening to record of 'Somebody Loves Me' by an unknown French woman and I was so much attracted by that kind of music of Gershwin I more or less decided to try to play *le jazz.*"

At about eighteen he began playing on Saturdays and Sundays with a pianist friend, for dances: "We set out to play tangos and end up playing jazz. That was the first man I met who could play something *around* the melody, which gave me the same idea to do with violin." The following year he joined an orchestra called Gregor and His Gregorians, on piano (he had picked it up from his friend). He played piano six years until one night, drunk at a party, he picked up the violin again and began "translating it"—his phrase—into jazz. Gregor heard him and ordained that thenceforth he would be a starred soloist. He has not played the piano professionally since; but strangely enough, he says he prefers the instrument.

THE historic meeting with Django Reinhardt occurred in 1931. "He was a gypsy, born half in France and half in Belgium, in a caravan," Grappelly said. "He was a silent man—although he was terribly intelligent, he knew he was ignorant and so he did not speak except to me. . . . He would ask me questions, 'What means geographie?' and 'What is a square?' I teach him to sign his name so he could give autographs. He could not make the 'j' in Django—it make him *furieux,* so I told him to sign it 'D. Reinhardt,' and when he learn this big grown man write it all over the wall of his room; he write it everywhere, he was so proud."

The two men produced memorable jazz, working together until just before the war. They were reunited briefly afterward, and made a few records. Then Reinhardt died; since, Grappelly has been jobbing around Paris with various groups, staying six months here and six months there, sometimes longer. I got the feeling

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Outstanding releases by
FOLKWAYS RECORDS
FA2326 Big Bill Broonzy — Country Blues, playing his guitar and singing
FG3586 Big Bill Broonzy—His Story, interview with Studs Terkel
FS3864 Radio Programme #4 — Stud Terkel's Almanac with Big Bill Broonzy & Pete Seeger.
FG3540 W. C. Handy Blues—Sung by his daughter accompanied by James P. Johnson
all 12" Long Playing Albums—$5.95
For complete free catalog of over 450 albums write to:
FOLKWAYS RECORDS
117 West 46th Street • New York, N.Y.

The Saturday Review praises
Jam Session
An Anthology of Jazz
as "both entertaining and informative . . . diversified, balanced . . . history without hustling!"
edited by RALPH J. GLEASON
$4.95 G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER
New York, N. Y.—This company is now in the market for manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 71—*it's free.* Vantage Press, 120 W. 31st St., New York 1. *(Midwest Office: 220 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.)*

Droll HUMORIST—Discerning ANALYST
HON. HAROLD C. KESSINGER

PROGRAM ASSOCIATES—Utica, New York

FREE! Inside Story on Publishing Your Book
If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Good royalties.
Write for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book
COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. SR-5
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

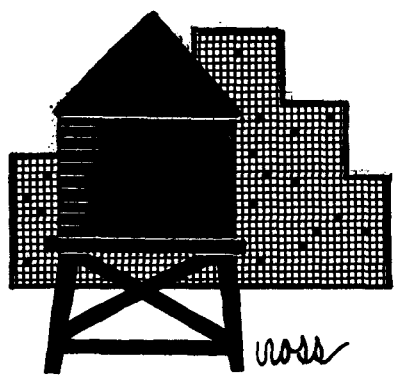
CHANGES OF ADDRESS
Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow three weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.
SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

that he misses his friend and musical companion much more than he will say; perhaps that is what makes the sad tunes so astonishingly affecting.

Kenny Clarke plays in the same place with Grappelly; he is behind a honking young tenor saxophonist who would be better suited in front of the drummer behind Stephane, if only because misery loves company. It would seem that Clarke would be better off with Grappelly, and vice versa—but the latter says the drummer is too loud for him. "Kenny is a diamond," Grappelly says, "but one can live without diamonds." Clarke has been here nearly a year and a half, another living commentary on conditions in the States that make life all but unendurable for Negroes. He told me where to find Mezz, and I forthwith set out.

The noted arranger is now playing in what appears to be a converted wine cellar, a club called Trois Maillez. The ceilings are so low you virtually have to creep in on your hands and knees, which makes getting out very convenient for those who drink too much of the joint's 1,000-franc watered whiskey. Mezz sends you his best. He is on every wagon in sight; no longer drinks, smokes tea or takes opium. The only wagon he is not on is the talk-wagon; he still does that incessantly and with frequent complimentary references to Mezz. He is playing about the same as he always did; that liquid tone made me a little nostalgic for such old records as "Really the Blues," and he did that to oblige. The rhythm section behind him can't make up its mind as to its orientation, but the drummer plays more like George Wettling than anyone else. That, however, is no tribute to George. Mezz plays many of his own compositions and a few which are not his own but which he has gracefully appropriated. He introduces them in English, but after finishing each one he becomes tri-lingual. "Merci beaucoup," he says, "Thank you . . . Danke schoen." Same old Mezz.

Best,
—RICHARD GEHMAN.



Ellison

Continued from page 43

er musicians of the Thirties, especially those who contributed to the growth of bop, this desire to master the classical technique was linked with the struggle for recognition in the larger society, and with a desire to throw off those non-musical features which came into jazz from the minstrel tradition. Actually, it was for this reason that Louis Armstrong (who is not only a great performing artist but a clown in the Elizabethan sense of the word), became their scapegoat. What was not always understood was that there were actually two separate bodies of instrumental techniques: the one classic and widely recognized and "correct"; and the other eclectic, partly unconscious, and "jazzy." And it was the tension between these two bodies of technique which led to many of the technical discoveries of jazz. Further, we are now aware of the existence of a fully developed and endless flexible technique of jazz expression, which has become quite independent of the social environment in which it developed if not of its spirit.

Interestingly enough, the guitar (long regarded as a traditional instrument of Southern Negroes) was subjected to little of this conflict between techniques and ways of experiencing the world. Its role in the jazz orchestra was important but unobtrusive, and before Christian little had been done to explore its full potentialities for jazz. Thus, Christian was able to experiment with the least influence from either traditional or contemporary sources. Starting long before he was aware of his mission—as would seem to be the way with important innovators in the arts—he taught himself to voice the guitar as a solo instrument—a development made possible through the development of the electronically amplified instrument—and the rest is history.

With Christian the guitar found its jazz voice. With his entry into the jazz circles his musical intelligence was able to exert its influence upon his peers and to affect the course of the future development of jazz. This album of his work—so irresistible and danceable in its swing, so intellectually stimulating in its ideas—is important not only for its contribution to our knowledge of the evolution of contemporary jazz style; it also offers one of the best arguments for bringing more serious critical intelligence to this branch of our national culture.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCOMMON DENOMINATORS

HOWEVER regarded, there would seem no conceivable common denominator among Mary Martin, George London, David Allen, Pat Suzuki and Jennie Smith, except that they are, in the vaguest possible way, all contemporaries. The well-known ones have definitely established associations, the little-known ones no reasonable basis of affiliation—unless one has sampled recent record releases to discover that all have a strong feeling for, and attraction to, the form of musical enjoyment known as show songs.

This is, of course, laboring the obvious in the case of Miss Martin, save that there is nothing in the least obvious about her disc of Richard Rodgers songs (RCA Victor LPM 1539, $3.98), in which the composer interpolates his own piano commentary from time to time, and John Lesko conducts an orchestra tastefully through the fastidious arrangements of Robert Russell Bennett. Miss Martin is capable of putting a high gloss on anything from "Getting to Know You" to "It Never Entered My Mind," but she is particularly artful in such a song as "To Keep My Love Alive." This is the Lorenz Hart gem from "Connecticut Yankee" (rhyming "patricide" and "mattress side" among other things) about the lady who was much-married but never untrue to her spouses, because she murdered all of them. Here Miss Martin achieves the considerable feat of making the text say one thing while the music says another, which is even more difficult than singing tongue-in-cheek.

Even those who think they know the Rodgers catalogue pretty well will find some things to surprise them here, such as "You're Nearer" ("Too Many Girls," as filmed), "Sleepy Head" and "Moon of My Delight" ("Garrick Gaieties," No. 2), likewise "You Are Never Away" ("Allegro") —all of which have, for one reason or another, the likeable Rodgers quality. Miss Martin's concluding "Some Enchanted Evening" (her first solo version of this to my knowledge) is the bow on the ribbon around one of the year's most appealing packages. Even George Frazier's notes can't affect one, disaffecting as they are.

Unlike the average operatic baritone who concerns himself with the music show literature, George London neither condescends to it nor blows it up to "Boris"-like dimensions. There are moments, as in the opening "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," when there is more vocal production than quality, but the relaxed mood of "Surrey with the Fringe on Top," "If I Loved You," the "Soliloquy" (the last two from "Carousel") are beautifully paralleled in London's performances. As for "This Nearly Was Mine," it probably hasn't been this well sung since Pinza's last time with it. The non-Rodgers material is all chosen with taste, with Weill represented by the "September Song," Kern by "All the Things You Are," Lerner and Lowe by "On the Street Where You Live," "They Call the Wind Maria," and "There But for You Go I." Adding to the pleasure are London's faultless enunciation, the excellent arrangements well played by the Roland Shaw Orchestra, and the englamoring reproduction (London 5390, $4.98).

Another type of treatment is conveyed by David Allen in a sheaf of the choicest Jerome Kern songs (World Pacific WPM 408, $4.98). A former singer-arranger with the bands of Jack Teagarden, Van Alexander, Henry Jerome, Bob Chester, and Boyd Raeburn, Allen has emerged as a vocalist of resource, an individualist in style, and a musician at all times. From the opening, vibrant "Sure Thing," for which Ira Gershwin wrote one of his distinctive lyrics, to the closing "In Love in Vain" (for which Leo Robbins provided the words), the texts fare as well as the music, no common occurrence in this literature. The supple lines and telling harmonies of "Dearly Beloved," "I'm Old-fashioned," "Lovely to Look At," "The Way You Look Tonight," "The Folks Who Live on the Hill," "Long Ago and Far Away," "I've Told Every Little Star," and "All in Fun" are warmly served by the arrangements of Johnny Mendel, which he also conducts. Their varied timbres as well as the resonant Allen voice are richly reproduced.

THE newcomers Suzuki and Smith are less categorical in their tastes, ranging through a variety of pop material as well as "musical" standards. The more striking talent belongs (as those who may have seen her on the Jack Paar Show will agree) to the offspring of the California Sukuzis who spent the war years in an internment camp in Colorado. Just where the petite Suzuki (as her name invariably became) acquired the vocal manners to sing "Fine and Dandy," "A Sunday Kind of Love," and "Something's Gotta Give" with the verve, sympathy, and appeal which she purveys hasn't been clarified, but they reflect a real shining talent. It is, according to the best information, being kept out of the spotlight until she is revealed in the forthcoming Rodgers-Hammerstein "Flower Drum Song," but I suspect it's tarnish-free. Henri René leads the orchestral backgrounds for the dozen items with a real sense of the electric Pat Suzuki generates (Vik LX 1127, $3.98).

The least expectation aroused by the busty picture of Jennie Smith on the cover of her RCA album (LPM 1523, $3.98) is that she will also be able to sing: but, let's face it (the fact, not the photo), she can. A product of Burnwell, West Virginia, who has not yet reached her twentieth year, Jennie arouses recollections of Garland, Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, and Patti Page, which means that she hasn't yet struck a vein of her own. When the sensuous, well-controlled sound she shows in "All My Life," the rhythmic verve she brings to "You Do Something to Me," and the emotional power that come and go are fully mature, Miss J. Smith should be a fine singer. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Pat Suzuki.

Jennie Smith.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Letter-Writers

Continued from page 15

ticular curvature and a particular sort of leading and trailing edge. And suppose he further notices that the gull's tail feathers have a great deal to do with that seemingly effortless mastery. Does that man cease to see the gull? Does he see nothing but diagrams of airflow and lift to the total damnation of all gulls? Or does he see the gull not only as the miracle of a perfect thing, but as the perfect thing in the enmarveling system of what encloses it?

The point involves the whole nature of perception. Do we "see" with our eyes? I must believe that it is the mind that sees, and that the eyes are only the windows we see through. We see with the patterns of what we know. Let any layman look into a tide-pool and list what he sees there. Then let him call an imaginative biologist and ask the biologist what he sees. The layman will have seen things, but the biologist will see systems, and the things in place in those systems.

He will also see many things simultaneously. A basic necessity to all poetic communication is what I have called *fluency* in an earlier article in these pages. Fluency is the ability to receive more than one meaning, impression, stimulus—call it what you please—at the same time. Analysis must always fumble and be long-winded because it must consider those multiple impressions doggedly and one by one. If such itemized dealing accurately locates true elements of the poem, the itemization will have served its purpose, and that purpose must certainly be defended as one that has summoned some of the best minds of all ages. What analysis does, though laboriously, is to establish patterns one may see with.

But there then remains the reader's work. It is up to him, guided by the analysis, to read the poem with the fluency it requires, and which analysis does not hope to achieve. Certainly, whatever is said here, poetry will be talked about and must be talked about. The one point of such talk, however, is to lead the reader more richly to the threshold of the poem. Over that threshold he must take himself. And I, for one, must suspect that if he refuses to carry anything as cumbersome as detail across that threshold, he will never furnish the house of his own mind.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 45¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 37¢ per word; 26 times 39¢ per word; 13 times 41¢ per word; 6 times 43¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

GHOSTWRITING, EDITING, research, typing. Free brochure. LITERARY AID BUREAU, 20 East 100 St., NYC. TRafalgar 6-2294; LExington 2-9380.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPT! Literary agents 36 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References. ANITA DIAMANT. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

ELSIE AUGENBLICK — Manuscript Typing; Books, Plays. 342 Madison, MUrray Hill 7-0492, MUrray Hill 9-8132.

NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED writers organization accepting new members. Write for information NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership. 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William-Frederick Press, 391 East 149 St., NYC 55.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE: Professional typing. 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TAPE RECORDINGS transcribed — fast, accurate, reasonable. Thomas Secretarial Service, 1507 M Street, N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

PRIVATE EDITION PRINTERS: Novels, histories, poetry. Quality at thrifty prices. No obligation for estimates. Rickard, 30 Prince St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOOKS WANTED

WANTED—FIRST EDITIONS—WINSTON CHURCHILL: Mr. Broderick's Army. . . . 1903; For Free Trade. . . . 1906; Reason and Reality. . . . 1920; The World Crisis. . . . 1927; American Edition, 2 volumes. 1916-1918; Scribner; A Roving Commission. . . . 1939, New American Edition, Scribner (Including Dorothy Thompson Preface). Write, giving full details to Box E-17.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

TRAINED BOOK DETECTIVES—Active searchers. Success is a habit with us. We can find quickly and economically almost any book you need. No search charge. Send to BOOKLAND, U.S.A., P. O. Box 746, Dept C, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low. Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

FREE SEARCH for that book you always wanted to find again. WAKEFIELD FOREST BOOKSHOP, Earlysville, Virginia.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES — Millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

ART

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

ART SLIDES from World Museums. Send $1 for three 2 x 2 color slides and catalogues. ARTCO, Box 455S, Van Nuys, California.

CONTEMPORARY ORIGINAL PRINTS in limited editions by leading American, European and Japanese artists offered by non-profit membership organization. Write for application form, free bulletin. INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ARTS SOCIETY, 65 West 56 St., NYC.

ETCHINGS BY AVATI, HAMAGACHI, AND MINAMI all signed and numbered, F.A.R. Gallery, 746 Madison Avenue, NYC 21.

LONGING FOR LAUTREC? For Connoisseurs: "Original Prints and Drawings of Modern Masters." Catalogue, 110 illustrations—$1. DEITSCH, 51 East 73 St., NYC 21.

WHY MEXICO? . . . Join American colony studying arts, crafts, Spanish, Creative Writing . . . Beginners, professionals . . . MFA . . . Room, board, from $60 monthly in Mexico's most beautiful colonial town . . . illustrated prospectus? INSTITUTO ALLENDE, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajato, Mexico.

FOOD DELICACIES

SWEET PICKLED WATERMELON RIND. Crisp, plump, sweet, yet tangy with wine vinegar, whole spice. Specially grown thick-skinned melons. An epicurean treat you'll enjoy serving, giving. Now in 4-lb. cans, postage prepaid, only $4.39. Write for prices on preserves and jellies. STUART HOUSE, Dept. SR-5, Box 5115, Pasadena, California.

RECORD MART

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS from $375. Repairs, rentals. Everngam, 210 East 96 St., NYC. ENright 9-9441.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss imports, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass recorders, spinets, harpsichords. Free catalogue 3-85C. HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

LP RECORD FILE. Handsome new design cabinet stores 60-75 LP records in 15 shallow drawers. 24 inches high. Brass drawer pulls and feet. Unpainted $22.50. Or built to your own specifications. Send for free illustrated folder. D. J. Williams, 1418 W. Water St., Elmira, N.Y. Custom Cabinets.

HI-FI COMPONENTS

HI-FI RECORDERS. Free catalogue. CARSTON, 215-L East 88 St., NYC 28.

BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—literature, etc. Catalogue issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, FREE. NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., NYC 38.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOK SHOP, TEMPLE, N. H. Books on anything and everything: Try our search service for that certain book.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, in or out of print. If it's a book, we may have it. MENDOZA's, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

LANGUAGES

AT HOME you relax and learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Modern Greek —any of 34 languages available with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. Complete Recorded Courses on FREE Trial. Phone Circle 7-4752 for FREE book, FREE trial; No obligation. FREE lesson in our studio. Open daily including Saturday. Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

SCHOOLS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO invites you, wherever you are, to a life-long investment in intellectual self-improvement. Refresh, enlarge your frame of reference . . . add to your intellectual skills and fund of knowledge . . . improve your professional competence. Enjoy an absorbing conversation-by-mail with a University Instructor in any of 150 courses for adults . . . Philosophy, Creative Writing, Astronomy, Psychology, Mathematics, Semantics, Human Relations, World Affairs, Art, Investments and other fields. TEACHERS and school administrators can earn graduate credit, AT HOME, for certification. Begin at any time . . . study at your convenience. AT HOME . . . earn academic credit. For full information, write to Box SRC-58, The Home-Study Department, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago 37, Illinois.

PERSONALS

HAVE MICROPHONE, WILL TRAVEL! Preserve in sound your manuscripts, lectures, papers, panels, meetings, seminars, performances. FAMILY PORTRAITS—Baby's first words—Johnny's unchanged voice, sister's wedding—Grandmother's Bible reading. Today's family events recorded at home become precious future memories. AMPEX TAPE RECORDERS exclusively-used with sympathic skill. Experience in radio-recording fields. Expert editing makes your recording perfect! NO JOB TOO SMALL—only a few too big! ENdicot 2-1426 (NYC).

SUCCESSFUL, employed teacher, Chicago area; New York University, licenses; desires elementary or retarded position, unfurnished apartment area New York. Box E-200.

DOWN IN FLORIDA a group of master cabinet makers are faithfully handcrafting Early American Furniture in the old traditional manner. Illustrated circular and price list. 10¢ coin. Paul Bryant Workshop, Holly Hill, Florida. Visitors welcome.

YOUR CARICATURE excitingly captured by professional artist. 8x11. Send two snapshots (returned). Satisfaction guaranteed. $2.00. KOKES ART STUDIO, 7616 Davis Circle, Dept. A, Omaha 14, Nebraska.

WOMAN, with M.A. in English, romance languages, desires full-time employment as research, editorial assistant, translator, reader. Box E-488.

REWARDS UNLIMITED for mature young couple desiring to create home for ten troubled teen-agers. Challenging work; congenial associates; beautiful country setting, midstate New York. Unique coed community combining academic, vocational and civic education with professional help on adjustment problems. Box E-302.

ART TEACHER—M.F.A.—five years experience—desires college position. Box E-379.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95, includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

YALE, B.A. STUDENT, 21, varied experience, seeks interesting, remunerative summer employment anywhere. Box E-658.

LIBRARIAN needed at Episcopal church boarding school for girls in Virginia. Beautiful setting, new equipment, fair salary, comfortable living provided. Good annual appropriation for books. Delightful companionship. Mild climate. Box E-636.

WANTED—Boston area, small furnished apartment. Summer. McCoy, 721 W. Dayton, Madison, Wisc.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN, English graduate students, experienced in elementary, secondary, and college level teaching desire summer positions as tutors or governesses with families going abroad. Mitts, Lawrence, Kansas.

YOUNG MAN 28, college. Now senior medical student. Desires any interesting part-time position. Available full time July. UNiversity 5-9673 (NYC) After 8 p.m. or Box E-654.

SUMMER EXPERIMENT IN LIVING. Male university graduate exchanges services for living expenses. Considers anything. Box E-653.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER. University librarian. M.A. Liberal Arts background. Personable, excellent references. Seeks Administrative, Public contact position, education or related private organizations. Male. Box E-652.

PERSONALS

SEVEN CASH PRIZES, ranging from $75 to $25 will be awarded at the air-conditioned Indiana University Writers' Conference, July 8-13, to most promising students in workshops directed by Elizabeth Enright (short story), John Selby (novel), Reed Whittemore (poetry), Maurice Zolotow (non-fiction), Michelle Cousin (television writing), and Peggy Bacon (children's literature). Moderate rates include personal consultations. Write to Robert W. Mitchner, Director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Bloomington, Indiana.

YOUNG NEWSPAPERWOMAN, experience capital daily and wire service, available for writing assignment or any interesting job in Caribbean area. Box E-666.

WIDOW, attractive, youthful 45. Desires work in refined office that requires "Girl Friday" to handle all detail. Can locate anywhere. Box E-662.

OXFORD undergraduate, four languages, experienced guide-chauffeur, Europe, July-October. Box E-660.

PRIVATE SECRETARY—Administrative Assistant, 41, diverse experience, major executives, rapid stenographer, traveled five continents, adaptable, discreet, literate. Box E-650.

WRITER NEEDED. Resident school. Bright youngsters needing special guidance. Flexible position. Small community newspaper, articles, scripts. Could be combined with teaching, houseparenting, case work, other. Send full details. Box E-682.

HERALDIC PLAQUES, parchment paintings. 200,000 Arms, all nationalities. FREE brochure. HERALDIC PUBLISHING, 104 East 40, NYC 16.

COLLEGE WOMAN TEACHER, mature, seeks summer resort employment; hostess, office, gift shop. Experienced. Box E-648.

ENGLISH TEACHER. Radcliffe '50. Experience teenage clubwork, wants music/drama camp housemother job. Box E-646.

CATALOGUER, experienced in college and university libraries, would like change of position September 1, in East or Mid-West library using Dewey classification. Box E-643.

STURDY, AMIABLE YALE STUDENT, 20, actively wearing prosthetic leg, seeking June-July employment, tutor-friend, camp work, farming, etc. Box E-684.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Pre-Law senior. Desires stimulating summer travel; tutor, types, Spanish. Box E-639.

RECORDERS—all finest makes. Largest music selection. Free catalogues. Recorder Center, Amenia, New York.

SECRETARY, capable of handling large and diversified responsibilities of headmaster's office, required for immediate placement in large New England boys' boarding school. Salary, housing and perquisites above average. Box E-610.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE MADISON SQUARE PARK—Attractive one-room studio suites with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Avenue, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly, monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS! Going to Europe? French is your entree everywhere. Spring "Speed" Course, first lesson free. Guarantee speak French three months. BUtterfield 8-0881 (NYC).

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS. Two for $3, postpaid. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

25th WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 21 to August 8. Outstanding staff, including Margaret Coit, Andrew Lytle, Rolfe Humphries, William Peden, Ellen Lewis Buell, Harry Muheim, J. H. Rush and Alan Swallow. Write Margaret Robb, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

CHARMING COLLECTION rattan and wicker beach bags and shoppers. Other interesting, decorative gifts. Send for free catalogue. Round the World Basket Gift Shop, 444 Third Avenue (31st) NYC. MUrray Hill 4-5596.

ABLE, ADVENTUROUS law student wandering through Europe will accept ANY task or commission; business or personal. NOrmal 7-0025, write Box 7538. Chicago.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

PERSONALS

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 15 Maiden Lane, NYC.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. LExington 2-4769 (NYC).

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS, REBECS—send for catalogue. W. J. Anderson, 545 West 111 St., NYC 25.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

WRITER-VISUALIZER fully employed New York, stretches inflation-shrunk income by doing occasional after-hours booklet, letter, mailer. Box E-664.

COLLEGES: Can your students write? Tested experience of editor (former university teacher) in writing and literature available summer, fall. Box E-671.

MAN 24, radio and T.V. announcer. Travel Europe for expenses, passage. Will drive. Box E-670.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA June graduate, 21, majoring in international relations and music desires stimulating and creative summer or permanent job either in the U.S. or abroad. Box E-667.

WANTED—reliable, experienced driver to drive 1957 Plymouth suburban from New York City to Santa Fe, N.M., arriving June 20-25. Car expenses paid. Reply with references. Box E-668.

NEED COTTAGE FOR TWO by ocean—June 21-September 21. Housekeeping facilities—$300 season? 1-2 hours commuting NYC. Box E-638.

GRADUATE, CALIFORNIAN, 21, B.A. English Literature, excellent background music, liberal arts, seeks tutoring-governess position. Previous European study. References. Box E-659.

RECENT VETERAN, 25, degree (Foreign Trade, Economics Major), 1 year law, travelled every European country. Fluent Russian, Spanish, fair French, Ukrainian, German. Good photographer. Desires position anywhere overseas. Box E-642.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. Altitude 2,100 feet, 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

WATERVILLE INN—A complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by the White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. A comfortable Inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Folder. Advance reservations. Waterville Valley, Campton P. O., New Hampshire.

CIVILIZED BUT NOT COMMERCIALIZED—Peter Pan Lodge offers exquisite food, accommodations, and ocean panoramas for the cultured few. Carmel, California.

NATURE-LOVERS RETREAT in the Smokies 4000' high. Charming cottages with modern kitchen. Rosemount, Balsam, N. C.

SNOWVILLAGE LODGE, SNOWVILLE, N. H. Tel. Conway. HIckory 7-2818. The charming Swiss resort in the White Mountains. Nestled in pine woods 1,100 feet high. Own tennis. Swimming, fishing, boating. Excellent continental cuisine. Every room has private bath. AAA approved.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. An ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2000 feet, midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

(*Continued on page* 50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

(Continued from page 49)

TEPOZTLAN, a primitive Aztec village, off the beaten track, unspoiled by tourism. A climate incomparable, luxurious accommodations, excellent food, American management, reasonable rates. 20 minutes from Cuernavaca, 1½ hours from Mexico City. Free brochure. POSADA DEL TEPOZTECO, Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mexico.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, reading, discussion. For 1958 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

THE WESTTOWN FARMHOUSE, an old-fashioned country inn, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker school campus, with library privileges, use of private lake and tennis courts. Reservations by week, month, or year-round. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N.Y. Charming resort estate. Concert trio. Sally Ray, folk, square, social dance leader. Crafts. All sports. Summer stock. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

AVALOCH INN just across the road from Tanglewood, offers full resort facilities in civilized surroundings, swimming, tennis, painting and ceramic classes on the estate. Write Box R, Avaloch, Lenox, Mass.

THE FALES IN BERKSHIRES. Cottages; fireplaces. Excellent food. Williamstown, Mass.

CHARMING LAKESIDE VACATION spot in deep woods. Rustic Lodge, cottages, cabins. Ideal swimming, boating, other usual sports, fine food, good music, relaxed atmosphere. Shorefront barbecues, packed hikers lunches, chip-in cocktail parties, Loafing patio—everything to make your vacation relaxed, informal, congenial. Low rates to June 21. Reserve now for Tanglewood time. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass. Folder S.

TRAVEL ADVISER gives information, Europe that agencies do not. Apartado 116, Coimbra, Portugal.

ROBBINS FARM—POCONOS—for sheer beauty—relaxation, luxurious comfort — modern housekeeping studios. Brochure. R. D. Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species) seeking an "island in Time" and loving the inner peace of quiet forests, shores compass'd by the voiceful sea, stars for streetlights. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine (Ten miles at sea). Booklet D? Advance reservations necessary.

WINDY HILL, R.D. 1, WALDEN, N.Y. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh 1232.

TAGGART APARTMENTS, Clearwater Beach, Florida. Furnished apartments. Low summer rates.

NEPTUNE LODGE, Ocean Beach, N.Y. Fire Island 4-5798R or GRamercy 5-4347.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit, Me. Enjoy our salt tanaed breezes. Ocean on three sides. Quiet, informal. Cocktail Lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Booklet. Maurice Weare, Manager. WElls 791.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, HI-FI. $77 to $98 weekly. DEwey 9-5730 (NYC).

BLUEBERRY HILL! Summer again. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons. Brandon, Vermont.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT. Cornwall Guest House. Brochure available. Breakfast only. Virginia Graham. HOpkins 2-2432.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Beautiful grounds, gardens overlooking the ocean. Exceptional meals. Planned activities June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Green Mountains, Manchester, Vermont. Charming Alpine chalet. Food for the discriminating. Rest for the weary. Inspiration for writers, artists. Folder.

OGUNQUIT. Famous Summer vacation center. Smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' Colony, Summer Theatre, Shopping Center, Deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Ogunquit Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

VACATIONS

MUSIC INN AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Close to Tanglewood and Richard Wagner. Adjacent to Music Barn and Mahalia Jackson. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

SPRING THRIFT VACATIONS on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrrain 8-0700 (NYC).

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10. A.P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

WRITERS! Enchanting Tropical vacations. Stimulating Professional Instruction. AFTA, Doylestown, Pa.

PORTABLE BATTERY-OPERATED TAPE RECORDERS. Record music, speech, sounds, anywhere! Ideal for travelers who want to retain their experiences on magnetic tape and add sound to home movies. Various models available for all field uses. Sold direct from factory. Write for free literature to Dept. SR; AMPLIFIER CORP. OF AMERICA, 398 Broadway, NYC 13.

A TRAVEL EXPERIENCE to be remembered. Backcountry pack trips up the winding Rio Grande, across the wild Mexico-Texas borderland. Magnificent unspoiled vistas, awesome canyons, native villages, colorful wildlife. Literate, congenial guides. Reasonable rates. Box E-665.

JOIN BAHAMA CRUISE! 150' schooner sails from Miami to Bimini, Berry Islands, Nassau, Andros, Grand Bahamas, etc. All expenses for 10 glorious days, only $150. The best in fishing, sailing and skin-diving. P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami phone: FRanklin 1-0893.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. Ride the skyline trails, see beautiful Maligne Lake. Excellent fishing, photos, scenery. Fully planned trail trips. L. C. Jeck, Box 427, Jasper, Alberta, Canada.

ATTENTION CAMERA FANS! Choose a vacation tailored to your hobby. U.S. and foreign tours conducted by outstanding photographers. Specialized itineraries, instruction. THRU THE LENS TOURS, Studio City, Calif.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Refreshing summer trade wind climate, cool and calm. Windward and Leeward Islands. Well appointed vessels. Write airmail for details. Commander Vernon Nicholson, Box 103, Antigua, B.W.I.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

SUMMER SUBLET, NYC. July-August. 5½ rooms. Grand piano, completely furnished. Near Columbia. $100 a month, including gas and electricity. Box E-669.

West 93rd, ½ block park, 6 rooms, 2 bedrooms. Steinway. TV, high floor. June-September 15. RIverside 9-5506.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—1½ room lakeside cabins, sleep 4. Family appeal. Horses, swimming, boating. Folder: FENIMORE, 240 East 20 St., NYC 3.

CHARMING MAINE FARMHOUSE, five bedrooms, two baths, furnace, two fireplaces, near Southwest Harbor, Mount Desert close to lake and Blue Hill Bay. $600 June thru September. Will consider sale. Box E-622.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, PA. 7 room house, porch, 3 acres. Swimming, fishing, 1½ hours N.Y. 4 month rental $1,000, sale $13,000 (taxes $75). Juster, WA 4-2600 (NYC).

CHARMING REBUILT stone house near Bennington, Vermont for June and July. Answer Box 483 Chappaqua, N.Y. Mrs. G. Gerlach.

TWO BEDROOM COTTAGE. Private swimming pool. 60 miles NYC. $425 season. WAlker 5-4557.

EAST BLUEHILL, MAINE. Large, lovely house at head of Bluehill Bay on waterfront. Beautiful view, 4 double bedrooms, 2 single bedrooms, 4 baths, additional servants' quarters, modern kitchen and pantry. ALSO charming house with view of Bay. 2 double and 4 single bedrooms, 3½ baths. Both houses include use of bath houses, dock. Anchorage facilities and tennis court. June-September. Call Mrs. Seth Milliken. BUtterfield 8-2890 (NYC) or write Box E-674.

For Summer Rental

LAKE BOMOSEEN, VERMONT, modern house, cottage. Bridgeroad Farm, LExington 2-2663, NYC.

VINALHAVEN ISLAND, Penobscot Bay, Maine. 7 room farmhouse completely modernized, woods, meadows, oceanfront. Box E-633.

SOUTHERN MAINE. Little white farmhouse, beautiful location. Details. Box E-677.

PUTNEY HOME, all conveniences, 6 bedrooms. Brook, barn, saddle horse, if desired. July 27 to Labor Day. Lovat Cooper-Ellis, Putney, Vermont.

BUCKS COUNTY. Old stone farmhouse, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, one hour 20 minutes NYC. 5'x acres, saddle horse, trout stream. August $350. Robert Hoffman, Newtown, Pa. WOrth 8-3729.

"OR SALE." Four room furnished chalet amid pines, Ashfield lake, Massachusetts. Box E-675.

CAPE COD: 3 rustic cottages overlooking salt water; in pine grove; ideal for children; boat available. By season or month. 3 bedrooms, 4 weeks $325. 2 bedrooms, $250; 1 bedroom and studio couches $210; all modern conveniences. Rockwell, Orleans, Mass.

For Rent

SECLUDED SIX-ROOM private home, two hours from New York. Box D-614. BUckminster 7-5948. (NYC).

For Sale

SEA CAPTAIN'S 8-room house overlooking Chatham, Mass. Quiet, accessible, electric kitchen, 4 fireplaces, full cellar, insulated attic. $45 000. Owner, 57 Rowayton Avenue, Rowayton, Connecticut.

VERMONT RETREAT—Secluded yet accessible. Large studio-barn. Compact house, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, fireplace, all improvements. 20 acres, include gravity spring, apple trees, panoramic mountain view. Settling estate, reduced to $17,300. Mrs. E. H. Troan, Chester, Vermont.

MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF MOUNTAINS and SQUAM LAKE. Property on hillside above lake, with separate tract on Squam Lake few minutes away with a sandy beach. Interesting house built on side of hill with five bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, full bath and extra toilet. Two fireplaces. Screened porch. Excellent neighborhood. Furnished. Price: $12,500. NEW HAMPSHIRE COLONIALS, 47 Main Street, Plymouth, N. H. Phone 80.

STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT. Artists remodeled house in village. Wide sea view. Large studio. 3 bedrooms, bath, living room, kitchen, sun deck. Separate rentable apartment 1st floor. Small garden. Evlyn Cole, Inc., 149 Water St., JEfferson 6-9454.

PRINCIPALS ONLY, 16 rental units—income property. Delightful Southern town for one to live in and manage these houses and apartments. Owner will finance to responsible purchaser. Reason for selling —owner has moved to the West. Write Box E-647.

CHARMING ten room colonial home on superb sixteen acres—trout stream and river frontage—studio barn and summer cottage—1½ hours from New York—$35,000. Banks E. Moyer, Realtor, Washington, New Jersey. MUrray 9-0775.

REMODELLED HOUSE: 6 bedrooms, 2½ baths, furnace, screened porches, tennis court, daffodils, roses. Furniture, guest house optional. About $20,000. Boyden, Truro, Massachusetts.

CHARMING HOUSE OVERLOOKING BAY. 30 minutes midtown Manhattan. Beechhurst, L.I. 8 rooms, including studio, 3 baths, large semi-secluded lot. $42,500. Agent, INdependence 1-0703 (NY). Box 454.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL—at this spacious, comfortable Dutch colonial (3 baths) in lush setting of evergreens, shrubs, flowers, variegated trees. Brook and pond, corner acre, lake, top Westchester commuting. All this (and Heaven, too) for $37,500 (just reduced) Donn Marvin, Realtor, 297 King St., Chappaqua 1-1900. Wilson 1-2617.

ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS. 3 acres, beach, modern masonry house, large living room, galleries, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen, utility, garage. Landscaped. Furniture, equipment included. Excellent views and breezes. Three miles Christiansted. Select location. Price: $69,000. Nelthropp-Van Riper, Christiansted, St. Croix, V.I.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

RARELY BEAUTIFUL CANADIAN ISLAND, property, sea view, bathing beach, dock, wells, three furnished cabins with fireplaces. Murray Barkhouse, Chester, Nova Scotia.

CROTON-ON-HUDSON vicinity. 35 miles from N.Y.C. 10 year Cape Cod. 5 rooms, 2 bedrooms, oil heat, combination storm/screen, garage. Scenic acre, lake rights, low taxes, 4% mortgage. $17,990. Box E 683.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1260

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pungent fleshy root eaten raw as a relish (*Raphanus sativus*).	137 124 159 23 28 95
B. What an alternative is on (2 wds.).	179 74 49 77 125 156 131 33 18
C. Fauna, flora, and bird life of a region.	117 197 145 75 127
D. Under old English law, grubbing up of land, removing trees etc., for arable land.	99 120 189 73 3 42
E. Class of minute, many-celled aquatic animals, most abundant in stagnant fresh water.	83 113 192 37 143 80 162 119
F. Vehemently desired.	91 193 136 17 167 184 176 178
G. Followed by Word M, one of the most dreaded constituents of the fallout.	107 94 198 86 69 133 168 114 180
H. Aboriginal population of Khatti, in eastern Asia Minor.	76 41 173 174 186 6 11 132
I. Permeated, infused.	51 164 40 22 196 70 187 161 47 96 93
J. The last few important seconds before a planned event (not yet in Webster).	139 64 109 182 13 202 58 190 158
K. The Lord speaking out of the whirlwind to Job quoted himself as setting the near limit of the ocean waters.	175 35 108 101 200 4 48 149
L. Resembling a newt.	81 59 34 19 7 72

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. See Word G.	56 68 20 122 151 43
N. In medieval demonology, what witches celebrated occasionally at midnight with their incantations, etc.	85 157 128 27 8 194 185
O. Suitable place for one to build one's house.	199 16 53 111 166 97 44 10
P. The primroses that Perdita calls "bold" ("A Winter's Tale").	102 12 129 88 62 38
Q. The necessary money.	112 140 61 110 163 71 165 36 45 181 87
R. Convent of Tibetan priests.	24 55 123 39 160 84 30 177
S. Aloft.	103 144 152 52 195 106 15 116
T. A beard; a cape; a collar; an edge; a brownprint.	31 46 153 65 183 126 135
U. Flagrant.	118 188 63 92 105 191 141 172 79
V. Material of the tenth foundation of the wall of the city in Revelations.	67 134 121 25 155 142 1 9 32 57 148
W. Having a frontier forming a natural defense.	2 98 100 146 104 154 169 90 26 66 203
X. Coastal region of India, bet. Western Ghats and Arabian Sea; capital Calicut.	89 82 115 201 171 21 60
Y. What Milton called Athens (3 wds.).	50 78 130 5 150 170 14 54 29 147 138

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 V	2 W	3 D	4 K	5 Y	6 H	7 L		8 N	9 V	10 O		11 H	12 P	13 J	14 Y
15 S	16 O	17 F	18 B	19 L	20 M	21 X	22 I	23 A	24 R	25 V		26 W	27 N	28 A	29 Y	30 R	31 T
32 V	33 B	34 L		35 K	36 Q		37 E	38 P		39 R		40 I	41 H	42 D	43 M		44 O
45 Q	46 T	47 I		48 K	49 B	50 Y	51 I	52 S		53 O	54 Y	55 R	56 M	57 V		58 J	59 L
	60 X	61 Q	62 P	63 U	64 J	65 T	66 W	67 V	68 M	69 G	70 I		71 Q	72 L	73 D	74 B	
75 C	76 H	77 B	78 Y		79 U	80 E	81 L		82 X	83 E	84 R		85 N	86 G		87 Q	88 P
89 X	90 W	91 F	92 U	93 I		94 G	95 A	96 I	97 O	98 W		99 D	100 W	101 K	102 P		103 S
104 W		105 U	106 S	107 G	108 K	109 J	110 Q	111 O		112 Q	113 E	114 G	115 X	116 S		117 C	118 U
	119 E	120 D		121 V	122 M	123 R	124 A	125 B	126 T	127 C	128 N	129 P	130 Y		131 B	132 H	
133 G	134 V	135 T	136 F	137 A		138 Y	139 J	140 Q	141 U		142 V	143 E		144 S	145 C	146 W	147 Y
148 V		149 K	150 Y	151 M	152 S	153 T		154 W	155 V		156 B	157 N	158 J	159 A	160 R		161 I
162 E	163 Q		164 I	165 Q	166 O	167 F	168 G	169 W	170 Y		171 X	172 U	173 H		174 H	175 K	176 F
177 R		178 F	179 B		180 G	181 Q	182 J	183 T		184 F	185 N	186 H	187 I	188 U	189 D		190 J
191 U	192 E	193 F		194 N	195 S	196 I	197 C	198 G		199 O	200 K	201 X	202 J	203 W			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scotts Bluff National Monument, Nebr., where covered wagons halted on the Oregon Trail.

Come stand in history's wagon tracks

They're really here at Scotts Bluff, deeply rutted into the red clay of the Oregon Trail, little changed since the wheels of the covered wagons cut them *a hundred years ago.* Here, at this welcome landmark, the pioneers rested, fixed the wagons and saw to the seed-corn . . . for ahead lay the challenging Rockies and the scalp-lifting Indians who threatened the way to the fertile Northwest.

There's enough pioneer history at Scotts Bluff to keep a small boy wide-eyed for days. *This was Indian country* . . . the warpath of the Sioux, Arapahoe and Cheyenne. In the frontier museum, you'll see relics of the Trail, vivid dioramas, paintings by a pioneer artist that bring alive the terror of an Indian raid, the whip of a sudden prairie squall, the thundering hooves of the buffalo herd. Not far away is old Fort Laramie where the U. S. Cavalry galloped out to rescue ambushed wagon trains.

Scotts Bluff and the wagon tracks have been preserved as reminders of the fearless determination that pushed back our frontiers. It's good to know *this courage still pulses strong* in the hearts of Americans.

★ ★ ★

FREE TOUR INFORMATION If you would like to visit Scotts Bluff, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corp., 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. – Also ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

ANOTHER IN SINCLAIR'S AMERICAN CONSERVATION SERIES

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE AMERICAN FARM BUREAU FEDERATION,
an independent organization serving as *spokesman* for 1,587,812 farm families in 48 states, for its farsighted contributions to the conservation of land, water, forests, minerals and wildlife. By stressing the individual's responsibility in preserving the nation's heritage, the Federation makes possible the betterment of our natural and human resources and *safeguards a basic part of American life.*

SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED